

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

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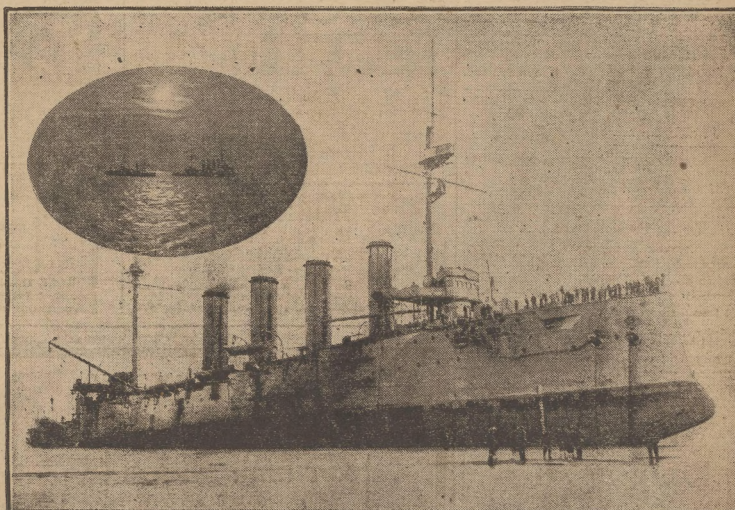
One Halfpenny.

MADAME MELBA.



The great singer, who will shortly sing at Covent Garden in a new opera by Leoni, entitled "The Cat and the Cherub," which is founded on the sensational Chinese play.—(Barnett.)

WARSHIP STRANDED IN THE THAMES.



The armoured cruiser, King Alfred, one of the largest in the British Navy, went ashore on Shoeburyness Sands just after being commissioned for service in the Mediterranean. The tide left her bows right out of the water, and many people, looking very small by the side of the great ship, walked round them. The smaller photograph shows the Government tug standing by the stranded cruiser during the night.

FIRST WOMAN PASSIVE RESISTER IMPRISONED AND HER FATHER LEAVE GAOL AT THE SAME TIME.



Miss Johnston, of Stoke Newington, is the first woman to have been imprisoned in England for refusing to pay the education rate, and her father, the Rev. J. Johnston, pastor of the Raleigh Memorial Church, Stoke Newington, was imprisoned at the same time. The photograph on the left shows the Rev. J. Johnston, who is indicated by a cross, leaving Wormwood Scrubbs Prison on Saturday. The smaller portraits are those of Miss Johnston, his daughter, and Mr. W. A. Parker, the first passive resister to be imprisoned. On the right is a photograph of Miss M. L. Johnston (in the centre) leaving Holloway Gaol, just after her father was released from Wormwood Scrubbs.

TORPEDO RAID FROM VLADIVOSTOK.

Small Japanese Sailing Ship
Fired On and Burnt.

STIR IN TOKIO.

Theory That Cruisers May Have
Made a Sortie.

The scene changes to Vladivostok.

The Siberian port, which is expected to figure prominently in the sea side of the war later on, provides a lively incident in the meantime.

While Europe was speculating about the precise positions respectively of Togo, Rojstvensky, and Nebogatoff, a torpedo raid took place from Vladivostok on Friday, according to a Reuter message of Saturday's date.

A small Japanese sailing vessel, the Yawatamara, venturing into the danger zone off the coast of Hokkaido, was pounced upon by four Russian torpedo-boats, seized, burned, and left a derelict.

The Russians poured kerosene on deck and fired two shells into the little craft. They took the captain on board, and the remainder of the crew, ten in number, landed safely at Hokkaido.

What was the object of the raid, or what good came of it, is not clear. In Tokio the theory is that the action was part of a plan to create a diversion with a view to assisting the Baltic Fleet.

Another surmise is that the Russians probably hoped to attack the Japanese patrol under cover of the dark. They may even have mistaken the sailing ship for a torpedo-boat, in emulation of Rojstvensky's example among the fishing craft in the North Sea.

Hokkaido is the most northerly island of Japan, and it is thought probable, says the Central News correspondent in Tokio, that Russian warships may have sortied from Vladivostok at the same time as the torpedo craft, though none was sighted.

After their victory over the unarmed sailing ship the Russian torpedo-boats, taking the captain with them, disappeared in a north-westerly direction towards Vladivostok. They have not yet been reported, and Europe must wait for their account of the occurrence, when thrilling details of the "engagement" have been forwarded to St. Petersburg.

The affair has caused some stir in Tokio.

BALTIC FLEET SIGHTED.

HONG KONG, Saturday.—The ss. Tsingtau reports having sighted twenty-one vessels of the Baltic Fleet off Vanfong, and fourteen cruisers off the Three Kings on Wednesday last.

A French battleship was also observed leaving Vanfong.—Reuter.

KING EDWARD AND PEACE.

England and France Said To Have Formulated
a Workable Scheme.

Supporting the exclusive information which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* on Saturday, the "Echo de Paris" states that in the course of his conversations with MM. Loubet, Rouvier, and Delcassé, King Edward spoke much of his desire to see an end put to the war in the Far East on terms acceptable to both combatants.

France and England, the journal adds, have outlined a scheme of joint intervention which will be brought forward if a favourable opportunity should occur, but King Edward recognised that Russia would not consider the question of peace before an encounter had occurred between the fleets of Togo and Rojstvensky.

HELPED TO KILL A KING.

Biondino, who was with Bresci on the day of the assassination of King Humbert, and was an accomplice in the planning of the crime, has been arrested, says the "Messaggero" (Rome), at Cairo. He was dressed as a priest, and had come from Zanibar, where he had embraced the Mahomedan religion.—Reuter.

MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

News was received at Lloyd's on Saturday that wreckage had been picked up at Arklow, on the Irish coast.

Part of it consisted of a board bearing the lower portion of the letters "N G A L," painted in yellow on a red ground.

It is feared that it belongs to the barque Bay of Bengal, of Newport, Mon., which left Cardiff on March 4, bound for the West Coast of Africa. She carried a crew of twenty-five hands.

KAISER'S SON'S VISIT.

German Emperor's Favourite Son Arrives
on a Visit.

Prince Eitel Friedrich of Germany, second son of the German Emperor, reached London on Saturday, and is to spend a week at Claremont, Esher, the residence of the Duchess of Albany.

Prince Fritz, as he is familiarly known, is the favourite son of the Kaiser, and has just recovered from a serious illness which caused his illustrious father grave anxiety.

He is not as clever as the Crown Prince, but is a warm-hearted, impetuous, and soldierly young fellow. In contrast with his elder brother, he is inclined to be rather stout, and has a stolid, contented face.

Although the visit is a private one, King Edward sent a carriage to Victoria upon his arrival and will receive the Prince at Buckingham Palace next week.

KING'S WEEK-END.

Quiet Sunday at Sandringham with the Prince
of Wales and a Few Friends.

King Edward was welcomed at Sandringham on Saturday by the Prince of Wales and his grandchildren.

The delightful weather his Majesty visited various parts of the estate, and saw a number of his old friends.

He dined with the Prince of Wales and Commander Sir Charles Cust, R.N.

Yesterday the members of the Royal Family attended the Church of Mary Magdalen, in the park. Sandringham will see much of the King this summer during week-ends, and the Prince and Princess of Wales will reside there for several months.

His Majesty will return to London by the 2.50 train to-day, the Prince and Princess travelling by the 11.28 from Wolferton.

COLONEL IN GIRL'S DRESS.

Masquerading Officer Gives Duke's Son a
Chaste Salute.

"Those in search of gaiety will still go to Cairo," says the Cairo correspondent of the "Court Journal."

To prove it he tells an amusing story of one of the well-known dances at the Cairo Savoy Hotel, which are attended by distinguished foreigners of all nationalities.

During a bal masqué constant inquiries were made as to the identity of a good-looking lady whom no one seemed to know.

Suddenly she walked up to Colonel Sir Augustus George, third son of the late Duke of Cambridge, and embraced him.

Sir Augustus in his astonishment deranged his assailant's head-gear, and there stood confessed Colonel "Jimmie" Watson, D.S.O., formerly aide-de-camp to Lord Kitchener, and now to the Khedive.

His acting had deceived scores of people who had known him for years.

NEW USE FOR TELEPHONE.

Rich Man Thwarts Burglars by a Clever
Subterfuge.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, Sunday.—A story has just been related here of how, by feigning death, a rich sheep-dealer of Paris thwarted the efforts of two young rogues who attempted to rob him.

Pere Jean, the sheep-dealer, however, had taken the precaution to have a telephone connection with his neighbour, and when the robbers entered the house and had gagged him and his housekeeper, he feigned death.

Then he managed, unobserved, to get to the telephone, and pressed the button which rang up his friends, M. and Mme. Moulin.

They captured the younger man, whose confession enabled the police to arrest the elder.

QUEEN ALEXANDRA IN ATHENS.

ATHENS, Saturday.—A Te Deum was celebrated by train, under special police protection to prevent the strikers attacking the engine-driver.

Queen Alexandra drove in a carriage and four with Queen Olga and King George. Crowds of people heartily cheered the royal party.—Reuter.

A TYPEWRITER FOR THE KING.

CHICAGO, Saturday.—A typewriter, especially made for King Edward VII., has been forwarded by train, under special police protection to prevent the strikers attacking the engine-driver.

The framework of the machine is of the finest mahogany, and the keys of ivory.—Lafan.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN ILL

Serious Breakdown After His Great
Speech on Friday.

The indifferent health of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain has been giving anxiety to his friends for some time past, and the news that, after his speech at Birmingham on Friday, he had a breakdown, and has had to cancel his engagements, will be received with general regret.

The ex-Colonial Secretary made a somewhat remarkable speech on Friday night, calling for a general election, but those who know him and heard him state that they never saw him appear less at ease than he did on this occasion.

It was noticed that, quite contrary to his usual clear, lucid, and compact method of marshalling his facts and driving home his arguments, he seemed to frequently lose his thread of thought, and, speaking with a great effort, lacked his usual fire and vigour.

On more than one occasion his wife had to prompt him.

On Saturday he should have been present at a luncheon to celebrate the rebuilding of Queen's College, Birmingham, as the principal guest, but the following telegram was read: "Very much regret I cannot be present at lunch in consequence of a severe chill." Chamberlain.

Mr. Chamberlain has since been confined to his room.

WHO ARE THE 4,000?

Englishmen Recruited for a Mysterious Army
To Endanger Brazil.

The most peaceful and innocent of Londoners may be rubbing shoulders at any moment of the day with one of the 4,000 desperados alleged to have been enlisted in England by a foreign country for the most warlike purposes.

For there is a tremendous plot afoot for the independence of the territory of Cunani, north of Brazil, rich in gold mines. Cabloards of papers in the possession of a senator arrested in Madrid on Saturday prove it to the hilt.

An insurrection in Cunani might easily spread to Brazil itself, and when it became known at Rio de Janeiro that in addition to 4,000 British recruits an equal number had been enlisted in France and Spain, the Government of Brazil, where the nuts come from, naturally trembled.

It is known that an ex-revolutionary Spanish captain named Casero is titular colonel of the fifth division of the Cunani army. Who are the 4,000 bellicose Britons?

VICAR'S STRANGE CONDUCT.

Objects to an Artificial Wreath for a Poor
Man's Grave.

When in April last, Albert Plumb, a porter, was killed by a train at Chobsey, and buried at Fritwell, Oxfordshire, his fellow-workman purchased an artificial wreath to be placed on the grave.

The vicar, the Rev. John D. Meredith, refused to allow the token to be deposited unless a fee of 10s. 6d. was paid, and his grounds for so doing he laid down in a letter which he wrote to Plumb's landlady, and from which the following are choice extracts:—

"If I broke the rule in your case, I should have to do so in others, which you note at all be in accord with my determination to get rid of these objectionable artificial wreaths in our churchyard."

"Flowers are a symbol of the Resurrection—artificial ones are not only a mockery, but rather, it seems to me, a type and symbol that the affection of those who use such things is artificial and not lasting enough to inspire them to keep the grave decorated with fresh flowers."

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Whilst the Brisham trawler Emerald was off Lundy Island, George Gardner, third hand, jumped overboard and was drowned.

Lieutenant de Bleeve, of the French Navy, has inaugurated a regular motor-boat service on the Niger.

Six American ladies left New York on Saturday by the liner St. Paul for England to take part in the golf tournament at Cromer, on May 22.

Sir Robert Herbert, G.C.B., a former Premier of Queensland, and afterwards Permanent Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, has died suddenly at Ickleton, Cambridge.

Further investigation, says a Chicago telegram, shows that the missile hurled at an express wagon on Friday night was only a bag filled with a harmless coloured powder, and not a bomb.

By the terms of an agreement concluded between the Saxon Court and the ex-Crown Prince of Saxony, the little Princess Monica will be left for some time longer in the custody of her mother, who will have the right to see all her children occasionally.

CROWN PRINCE'S LOVE LETTERS.

"Cupid's Messenger" Breaks His
Leg in Scuffle with Thieves.

SLIGHTED BUTCHERS.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

BERLIN, Saturday.—The Crown Prince's courier, Herr Meyer, known throughout Germany as "Cupid's Messenger," has had a nasty experience with the Berlin variety of hoodlums. For months past this official has spent much time in the railway train carrying billet-doux between the Imperial sweethearts.

On arriving at Berlin on Tuesday evening "Cupid's Messenger" was hustled by a gang of station thieves. In the struggle he had his watch and valuable scarfpin stolen, but, gripping the dispatch-case containing his master's love-letter, Meyer pursued one of the station pests.

This man, finding himself cornered, turned round and dealt the courier a tremendous blow between the eyes. "Cupid's Messenger," still gripping his precious satchel, fell across a truck, breaking his left leg. Both Crown Prince and the Duchess Cecile have visited Meyer, who has been rewarded with a gift of £50.

Much disappointment is being expressed in Berlin at the Kaiser's order forbidding the master butchers to ride on horseback in the wedding procession, as everyone has expected some fine sight when the elderly men (for the most part quite unaccustomed to horses) exerted their privilege of "fetching" the Crown Prince's pair from Bellevue to the Schloss.

The Kaiser, although keen on all old customs, is said to have discontinued the idea from the moment when he learnt that, almost without exception, the butchers had insured their lives against accident on the auspicious day. The master butchers of Berlin will now merely line the route of the procession.

FOR CECILIE'S SAKE.

The hitherto somewhat uncommon name of Cecile bids fair to be the most popular of feminine Christian names in Germany. During the past three months no fewer than 17 per cent. of the baby girls christened in Berlin have received the name of the Crown Prince's fiancée.

Enterprising tradesmen are calling their soaps, their gramophones, and their sauces by the name of Cecile; a newly-built suburb of villas, near Potsdam, has been christened "Cecilien-Höhe"; and it is stated on good authority that the Romerstrasse is to be renamed Cecilienstrasse in honour of the Duchess who will so soon become Crown Princess of Germany.

Dozens of wedding marches and other musical compositions, all called "Cecile," are being forwarded to the Crown Prince by enthusiastic musicians in every part of the Empire. An American firm of music publishers offered to send a "prize brass band" all the way to Berlin if it might be permitted to take part in the wedding procession and play the Imperial Sweethearts March—a "prize composition" the work of the young American musician, Arthur G. Klamroth.

The Duchess, who has long chafed her fiancé about the size of his handkerchiefs, has, with truly German wit, forwarded to her sweetheart a dozen afternoon tea-cloths, in appearance somewhat resembling small Turkish towels. The Kaiser is reported to have been annoyed at what he termed "Cecile's foolishness," but the Crown Prince enjoyed his fiancée's little joke.

DUCHESS'S SUPERSTITION.

A queer story is being told about the Duchess Cecile's many superstitions. The Crown Prince has been for many years an orderly veteran of the Franco-Prussian war, who lost the sight of his left eye at Gravelotte.

The Duchess took a strong aversion to the unfortunate man, and continually besought her fiancé, to dispense with his services, asserting that it was a tradition in her family that a one-eyed man would some day cause the death of a Mecklenburg princess.

Whatever may be the truth of this story, it is certain that the Crown Prince has just dismissed from his service the servant for whom he had always expressed the greatest regard and consideration. Hans Schlegel, the one-eyed veteran, has been retired, with a snug pension, to his home in Silesia.

The Duchess Cecile recently wrote a pretty little song, entitled "Water Lilies," which was set to music by the Crown Prince. It is said that the work so pleased the Kaiser that he caused copies, signed with his own autograph, to be sent to most of the crowned heads of Europe, and to Mr. Roosevelt, President of the United States.

Hitherto the Crown Prince has confined himself to writing love sonnets to his fiancée. One of these, which much amused the Kaiser, dealt in eighteen verses of four lines each with the joys of a dance held last November at Ludwigsplatz, in which the Crown Prince danced only with his fiancée.

LONDONERS' SUN WORSHIP.

Millions Enjoy a Perfect Summer Week-end.

SCENES UP RIVER.

May, although opening with chill showers and biting winds, has quickly redeemed its reputation with a glorious week-end.

Not even the most hardened grumbler could find anything to caviat in yesterday's weather or that of Saturday.

Golden sunshine all day long, and just enough of a zephyr to temper it pleasantly, brought all the world and his wife out of doors, resolved to make the most of so sudden a burst of summer weather.

The week-end habit at once asserted itself, and Saturday saw quite a notable exodus of week-enders to Brighton and other of the more accessible seaside resorts on the South Coast.

Up the River.

The rush "up the river" was sudden and abnormal, a charming faith in our fickle weather bureau being evidenced in the abundance of straw hats, flannels, and summer millinery visible everywhere on it.

The lower reaches of the Thames between Richmond and Hampton were crowded, the centre of attraction being Kingston, to which the first meet of the first British Motor-boat Club drew thousands.

From Molesey up as far as Windsor lock-keepers had a fairly busy time for the season, but beyond little was done.

Yesterday "Boulter's" passed through a few dozen craft of all makes, chiefly belonging to residents all the year round.

Though it is still a somewhat long cry to "Ascot Sunday" at Taplow, the riverside hotels there, and at Maidenhead, Marlow, and Henley, are looking forward to both an earlier and better season than they have known for the last three years. Bungalows and houseboats, to which the finishing touches have been put, are letting readily, but as yet few people have gone into residence.

In the Parks.

Yesterday's church parade at Hyde Park was quite a remarkable gathering, considering the earliness of the season. The flower-beds were in magnificent array, and the crowd under the leafy trees was almost as dense and as smart as it will be four weeks hence.

At others of the parks and gardens the crowds, if not so distinguished, seemed equally contented in the glorious sunshine. In the morning Kew Gardens, which are not opened till mid-day, provided the spectacle of quite a crowd of well-dressed people waiting patiently at the gates for admission. In such weather, it might have been supposed, the late-opening rule could be relaxed somewhat.

Hampton Court was another favourite resort of the people, and the famous chestnut trees give promise of a wonderful display of blossom in a few days.

BOATING DEATH-TOLL.

Week-End Pleasuring Brings Its Quota of Fatal Accidents.

Unfortunately, the week-end did not pass without several of those deplorable fatalities that usually mark the return of the warm weather.

Two of them were due to boating accidents, the first occurring in the River Thames near Hungerford Bridge.

The victim, Walter Denine, was a member of the Printers' Rowing Association, and ventured out in a racing boat with two other club members. The boat was upset, and, while his comrades escaped, Denine was drowned.

The second fatality occurred in the Lea, near Tottenham. Two men in a rowing boat attempted to change seats, with the result that the boat capsized, and one of the men, named Arthur Giddings, was drowned.

At Camelon, near Stirling, a boy aged four-and-a-half was killed by a motor-car on Saturday. No blame attached to the driver of the car.

At Dover a man named Godden, on driving to the scene of an accident, found that it was his own father who had been fatally injured.

SANG HYMNS IN PRISON.

Frederick Ingram, a shoe manufacturer, of Lavenham, was released on Saturday from Northampton Gaol, where he had undergone a week's imprisonment for refusing to pay the education rate.

He says he was perfectly happy in prison, and sang revival hymns so joyously that the warders ordered him to make less noise.

STRIKERS' ARMY.

Bootmakers Ready to Begin March on London To-day.

Many hearts were sore in Raunds yesterday afternoon when "General" Gribble made his final selection for the strikers' "army" which is to march on London this morning.

For 215 ardent campaigners were sent home dispirited and forlorn, not without a few hard words for the 105 fittest who survived the commander-in-chief's scrutiny.

Loans were raised at exorbitant rates of interest on Saturday night, that Sunday clothes might be released from durance. But the general's eye was not to be deceived.

Many of the selected are, or have been, militiamen or Volunteers, who are not at all likely to require the aid of the ambulance wagons. At dusk the gallant 105 paraded in a paddock like a company of veterans, and officers were there and then appointed, and furnished with collecting-boxes in lieu of swords.

No money will be taken—only rations for the first day. Sympathisers are expected to provide the sinews of war en route. At Bedford a resting-place for sixty-five has been promised already.

Cyclists have polished their machines, the choir have practised their newest and most martial glees,



COUNCILLOR GRIBBLE.

the band's instruments are attuned. Early this morning will come the order to march on London. Playful strikers smashed some cottage windows on Saturday night, but the enterprise had more the character of a prank than a vicious outrage.

K.C.'S CHALLENGE.

Mr. Marshall Hall's Sporting Offer of Three Acres and a Cow.

The audience at a Conservative meeting at Reigate on Saturday night were in a heckling humour, and Mr. Marshall Hall, K.C., M.P., had a busy quarter of an hour, quite after his own art.

Needless to say, the well-known advocate was by no means disconcerted.

What, asked one prominent townsman, had become of the three acres and a cow?

"I am perfectly willing," replied Mr. Marshall Hall, "to give that gentleman three acres of land if he is qualified to work it, and I will also present him with a cow if he can milk her."

The challenge was accepted by the heckler, who triumphantly announces that he has spent several years on a farm.

The incident recalls the recent accepted challenge of Mr. Yerburgh from the platform in regard to the possibility of employing white labour in the Rand mines.

ARTISTS WITHOUT JEALOUSY.

Artists were not quite as provident as they might perhaps be, said Lord Alverstone on Saturday night.

The Lord Chief Justice was presiding at the nineteenth anniversary dinner of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution at the Hotel Metropole.

What had captivated him in the artistic profession, he said, was their almost entire absence of jealousy and their absolute unselfishness.

LADY WARWICK PREFERS "WOMEN."

Responding to the toast of "The visitors, especially the ladies," at the annual dinner of the Essex Newspaper Press Fund at the Great Eastern Hotel on Saturday, Lady Warwick said she supposed "the ladies" came last as a *bonne bouche*.

She was glad to see so many ladies present—or she preferred the word "women."

DIED WHILE SINGING.

Actor Collapses on Encore Verse of Loyal Song.

SAVAGE CLUB TRAGEDY.

Without a moment's warning the well-known comedian, Mr. Charles Arnold, died of hemorrhage of the brain while singing to a large party of friends at the Savage Club on Saturday night.

About nine o'clock he suddenly faltered in an encore verse of "When I Take Off My Hat to the King," a song of his own composition, gasped, put his hand to his head, and, to the general consternation, tottered and fell. When a doctor who was present declared that life was extinct the party, which included several members of the Central Bureau of the International Congress of the Press, immediately broke up in awed silence.

The dead actor appeared in his usual health earlier in the evening, and his tragic death caused inexpressible pain to all who witnessed it.

Mr. Charles Arnold was born at Lucerne on Christmas Day, 1858. When a child he went with his parents to New York, where he began his career at the Brooklyn Theatre, appearing in the company supporting Edwin Booth. In 1883 he appeared in London with Miss Minnie Palmer as Tony, in "My Sweetheart."

The piece ran for forty weeks, and two years later, at Sheffield, he produced "Hans the Boatman," with which he toured the English provinces, Australia, America, and South Africa.

"What Happened to Jones."

He also toured the Colonies with "Charley's Aunt," playing Mr. Penley's part and in 1897 secured the English rights of "What Happened to Jones." In the following year he returned to London, staged this play at the Strand, and made there a mighty success.

His father, Captain Charles Arnold, who served in the Crimean war, was rewarded with a grant of 900 acres of land in Canada in lieu of a pension, but never troubled to take formal possession. He served in the American Civil War, and his Canadian rights lapsed. A town called Berlin has sprung up on those 900 acres in Ontario, which would have made the dead actor a millionaire.

But he was not one to repine, and though he has not of late been prominent on the boards he has an immense favourite at social gatherings, and is mourned by a host of friends and admirers.

GIRL DANCER'S PLUCK.

"La Belle Sylphe" Rescues a Child From Runaway Horse.

"La Belle Sylphe," the famous dancer in the Alhambra ballet, "My Lady Nicotine," proved herself a heroine on Saturday night.

She rescued a little seven-year-old boy from certain death at the corner of Summer-place, South Kensington.

A horse attached to a hansom had bolted and the boy, with several other children, was playing in the road.

Whilst people looked on, too unnerved to move, the plucky lady darted forward and dragged the frightened child from under the horse's hoofs in the nick of time.

"Don't ask me how it happened," said "La Belle Sylphe," afterwards; "for it seems like a horrible dream."

PROFITS OF "PIRATE KING."

Death of Publisher Who Flooded the Streets with Popular Songs.

A remarkable career is called into prominence by the sudden death from apoplexy in Fenchurch-street Station of Mr. J. F. Willems, known as the "Musical Pirate King."

Mr. Willems had acquired a considerable fortune from the piracy of well-known songs. In fact, he had been able from the proceeds of his trade to purchase a magnificent house at Westcliff-on-Sea.

Mr. Willems was only forty-six years of age, and started life as a compositor. It is believed that at least 10,000,000 "pirate" copies of "The Holy City" and the "Star of Bethlehem" were sold, and "The Lost Chord" and "Down the Vale" must have reached a circulation of nearly 3,000,000 copies.

WARRANT FOR LIEUTENANT.

Lieutenant Howard, who should have appeared at the Recorder's Court, Dublin, on a charge of disorderly conduct, failed to turn up, and it was stated that he had lately gone to America. His bail was forfeited, and a warrant issued for his arrest.

Captain Thomas R. Clifford, Connaught Rangers, and James MacSweeney, medical student, committed on the same offence, appeared in court, and were immediately discharged.

HERO OF THE SEWER.

Gallant Policeman Lays Down His Life to Save Others.

At the cost of his own life, Police-constable Patrick Sheehan, of Dublin, has added a chapter to the annals of heroism.

In the Irish capital, at the corner of Hawden-street and Burgh Quay, a number of workmen, engaged on Saturday on work in a sewer, were overpowered by gas.

One of their comrades managed to scramble to the top and give the alarm.

Police-constable Sheehan was soon on the spot, and, divesting himself of part of his uniform, descended the manhole amid the plaudits of a large crowd.

After him went a car-driver called Fitzpatrick, and, as a result of the efforts of these two brave men, two of the insensible men were rescued.

With the aid of Fireman Lambert and an engineer named Rochford, further endeavours were made, and ultimately all the workmen were rescued in a state of collapse.

The pathetic part of the affair is that Sheehan, who had inaugurated the work of rescue, fell a victim to the fumes from which he had saved the others. When taken out he was dead.

One of the workmen also died soon after being brought to the surface, and two of his comrades are in a precarious state.

Later in the day considerable excitement was caused by the news that another man was in the sewer.

Three men went down, but had to be hauled back in a semi-conscious state.

Then a fireman, with a smoke helmet, went down, but he had to be rescued by three other men.

Ultimately Fireman Kelly, in a diver's suit, descended amid a great excitement, and on returning reported amid cheers that there were no other men below.

PEER'S SISTER MARRIED.

Princess of Wales's Wedding Gift to a Lady-in-Waiting.

Madresfield, Malvern, where the bride has been known and beloved all her life, was in a fever of excitement on Saturday, when Lady Mary Lygon, sister of Earl Beauchamp, and lady-in-waiting to the Princess of Wales, was married to Major Henry Hepburn Stuart Forbes Trefusis, brother of Lord Clinton.

The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Crediton, cousin of the bridegroom. The bride wore a dress of white satin, and her attendant maids were in dresses of green velvet and hats of green straw. The bride and bridegroom afterwards left for Herefordshire, where the honeymoon is to be spent.

Amongst those sending presents were the Prince and Princess of Wales, the citizens of Worcester, of which city the bride was mayoress during her brother's mayoralty, and the tenantry of Madresfield estate.

"BETTER THAN BAYREUTH."

First Ring Cycle at the Opera Closes Amid Great Applause.

When the Rhine waters overwhelmed and destroyed the Hall of the Gibichings, somewhere about 11 p.m. on Saturday night, at Covent Garden, and the curtain had been rung down on that final tragedy of the "Götterdämmerung," there were few people in the audience who did not agree that the past week would be a memorable one in the annals of opera in England. "Better than Bayreuth," was the verdict of those who had been to Wagner's own art temple.

Accordingly Herr Richter and the stage manager, Herr Wink (whose work in preparation of the Ring has been of the first importance), were called before the curtain and acclaimed many times.

One of the most beautiful moments of an evening that lingers in the memory was the beginning of the third act, where the three Rhine maidens (Mmes. Agnes Nicholls, Alten, and Behndt) sing to Siegfried as they swim in the river. Frau Wink's Brünhilde, which has been the talk of the week—especially her singing in the last scene by the side of Siegfried's funeral pyre—was another performance to be remembered.

GREATER POWER THAN THE TSAR.

"The land question is of the utmost importance, seeing that in this country the power of the landlords is greater than that of the great White Tsar in Russia."

Mr. Lloyd-George expressed the above opinions at a Radical meeting at Huddersfield on Saturday night. The Radical Ministry, he added, would take the matter in hand.

MOTOR-CARS AND LACE.

One of the reasons given by the Nottingham lace manufacturers for the slackness in the staple industry of the city is that the prevalence of straw hats, Tam o' Shanter, and motor hats has caused a decreased demand for silk edgings and laces.

MASKED MURDERERS CONDEMNED.

Dramatic Incidents Mark the Close
of the Trial.

REMARKABLE SCENE.

Judge Solemnly Warns the Prisoners Not
to Expect Mercy.

The inexorable Law has once more avenged the crime of murder. The two brothers, Alfred Stratton and Albert Ernest Stratton, both on the threshold of manhood, have forfeited their lives for killing old Thomas Farrow and his wife, Anne Farrow, in their oilshop at Deptford High-street.

At the Old Bailey on Saturday the two days' trial ended in the jury returning a verdict of guilty against both men, and Judge Channell, assuming the black cap of doom, pronounced the capital sentence.

In fulfilling his direful duty the Judge's voice quavered, and there was a note of pathos in his words:—

"But one sentence is known to the law. It is not my sentence. In that remark one heard an echo of the Scriptures:—'Vengeance is Mine. I will repay.'"

The Judge concluded with the solemn formula:—

The sentence of the Court upon each of you is that you be taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and that there you be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls.

"Amen," said the chaplain in a low voice, bowing his head.

Prisoners' Self-Possession.

The brothers stood to hear their fate, looking blankly in front of them, evidently prepared for the worst, with consciences so seared that they could not feel their position acutely. Their composure astounded the Court.

Without scanning the gallery, where many who knew the Strattons were seated, the unhappy brothers were quickly removed from the dock, to be taken to Wandsworth, where three clear Sundays will be allowed them in the humane words of the Judge, to make the best use of what time remains to them in the world.

In awed silence the audience, including many well-dressed women, had followed every syllable of the closing stages of the trial, scanning the faces of the accused with the curiosity customary in such cases. If they twitched their hands the circumstance was noted.

But visible signs of emotion were few and slight. What impressed observers most was the indifference of the brothers one to the other; associates in crime they were now for ever estranged, since the law had found them out.

Fight for Life.

Alfred Stratton, the elder brother, fought hard for his life in the witness-box. He made many denials.

So far from committing the murders, he said, he was never in Thomas Farrow's shop; he and his brother were at home at the time; and he never uttered the suggestive words to Albert: "Shall we go out to-night or leave it till another night?"

When he read an account of the murder it simply interested him as a local affair. In a despairing argument he told Mr. Muir, the prosecuting counsel, that he did not believe the "masks"—supposed to have been worn by the murderers—were found under the mattress of Albert's bed. "It was a put-up job," He surmised a woman's spite at the bottom of it.

Alfred's defence of himself was pitifully unconvincing, though the hapless young fellow's demeanour betrayed a certain manliness—perverted and poisoned by illness and crime.

Finger-Prints as Evidence.

An attempt was made to discredit the police evidence based upon the thumb-marks on the cash-box.

Professor Garston said he had been employed by the Home Office as an instructor in identification by finger-print, but the Judge dismissed his evidence as "untrustworthy."

Defending the elder brother, Alfred Stratton, in a speech of two hours, it was argued by Mr. Rooth that the case rested on theory and surmise. No living human saw the murderous deed done.

For Albert, the younger brother, Mr. Morris mentioned suggestively that the verdict of "Not Proven" in Scots Law did not operate in England.

The rest remained with the jury, who returned to a hushed court with their verdict of "Guilty" after two hours' deliberation.

Neither of the condemned brothers availed themselves of the formal invitation, "Have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed?"

The Judge then, after a painful pause, put on the black cap and, warning the prisoners not to hope for mercy in this world, pronounced the death sentence.

On page 11 appear remarkable photographs of the finger-prints.

NELSON'S YEAR.

Naval Exhibition at Earl's Court
Promises Great Success.

By the Lord Mayor of London, accompanied by the sheriffs and a number of borough mayors, the Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition was officially opened on Saturday.

There is no doubt that it will be a popular exhibition. To begin with, this is Nelson Year, and the centenary of the great commander's death; and the excellence of every department of the exhibition itself should ensure phenomenal success.

On board the fourth-class cruiser Python the guests of honour and a large reception committee made a realistic panoramic tour in the Empress Theatre. Even the decks vibrate, and the illusion of an actual voyage is almost complete. A fleet of French men-of-war is met and saluted by the gunners, and bugles are sounded and whistles blown, just as though the vessel were at sea.

After this novel voyage there was a ceremonial luncheon, at which a number of distinguished naval officers were present.

There is a fascinating collection of Nelson relics, uniforms, guns, and furniture. The Prince of Wales has lent some interesting models of ships.

From the deck of the Victory one may watch the battle of Trafalgar realistically unfolded in a panorama. Airships, watercraft, great wheel, are all there, as attractive as ever.

A huge crowd thronged the gardens and exhibition buildings all the afternoon and evening, and the verdict was evidently unanimously favourable. The grounds were brilliantly illuminated at night.

TEST OF SOBRIETY.

Admission of an "Excellent" Wife Breaks
Down a Defendant's Plea.

Mr. Plowden was confronted at the Marylebone Police Court on Saturday with Charles C. Wilderstone, a young married man, of Maids Vale, who, charged with drunken and disorderly conduct, urged that he had successfully survived all the tests to which he was subjected by the doctor.

The Magistrate: What were the tests?
Wilderstone: He made me close my eyes tightly and walk a straight line.

Mr. Plowden: Not with your eyes shut?
Wilderstone: Yes, sir, he did. And then he made me suddenly open my eyes and traverse the same ground.

Mr. Plowden: Well, how did you come out of that?
Wilderstone: All right, sir.

His wife was then called forward, and she admitted that he had a little more than usual.

Mr. Plowden: Ah! there it is. You have an excellent wife. Pay the doctor's fee and go away.

STORIES OF DISTRESS.

Used to Extort Aid in Money from the
Compassionate.

The methods of raising money pursued by Ada Winters, a young married woman, of Clerkenwell, convinced the North London magistrate on Saturday that they merited a sentence of three months' hard labour.

To Mrs. Wright, of Holloway, Winters told a story of the death from fever of one of her (Mrs. Winters) babies. Result: A loan of £1.

To Mrs. Jenkins, Mrs. Winters related, with tears, how her husband had been fined £5, and she wanted £2 to make up the fine. Result: Loan of 5s.

Neither of the stories was true, the money was not repaid, and the police said that in some cases women had pawned clothes to provide Mrs. Winters with money because of her distressing tales.

Mr. Fordham said the woman's conduct was most cruel.

ANOTHER "MACBETH."

Harry Macbeth, a Batham boy, has, at the age of sixteen, shown a disposition to live up to the sinister reputation of his name by fiercely assaulting a shopkeeper who pursued him for stealing chocolate, and then savagely remarking, "I only wish I had had a knife."

On Saturday the magistrate remanded him, the case requiring consideration.

NO CREDITOR ON THE ROOF.

Found on the roof of a Bristol hotel, William Hare explained to the magistrates on Saturday that he was trying to avoid a man to whom he owed money.

MARKYATE MOTOR FATALITY.

Chauffeur Committed for Trial at
the Assizes.

£400 BAIL ALLOWED.

At the conclusion of the magisterial inquiry at Hemel Hempstead into the Markyate motor fatality, Rocco Cornalbas, the Spanish chauffeur, was on Saturday committed for trial at the Hertfordshire Assizes, bail being allowed.

A large crowd again assembled, in addition to the great number of persons who found seats in the town hall itself, and the keenest interest was displayed.

Messrs. Garbett and Richards, the two other occupants of the car at the time of the accident, were present throughout the hearing. Cornalbas sat at the end of the table used by counsel.

The owner of the car, who was not on the car at the time of the accident, Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth, was called and examined, and said Cornalbas had been in his employ about eighteen months.

He first read of the accident in the "Daily Mail" of the following day, April 19.

The Chauffeur's Denial.

Mr. Murphy: On April 19 you saw your chauffeur? Tell us what conversation you had with him—I simply said I hoped he had been in no accident. He replied, "Oh, no, sir."

When did you first hear that the gentlemen in the car were Messrs. Garbett and Richards?—From Mr. Groom, but I should not like to say whether it was Wednesday or the next day. It was either late Wednesday or early the next morning.

When you found out their names did you telegraph to them for information as to what time they had left Coventry?—I did.

Did you get an answer to that telegram?—The same day—almost immediately.

Did you have any further conversation on the subject of the journey with the prisoner?—On the Thursday I did. I just asked Cornalbas again whether he had been in an accident, and he made the same answer as on the preceding night.

Did he say anything about the time he left Coventry?—I think he said about three o'clock.

Was it in consequence of that answer that you sent telegrams to Messrs. Garbett and Richards?—It was.

Did you have any further conversation with the chauffeur?—No. I went to the Euston Hotel and found Mr. Garbett and Mr. Richards, their solicitor, Mr. Curran, and the chauffeur. I said to my chauffeur, "This is a bad business. Why didn't you tell me before?" Cornalbas said he had a recollection of touching a child near Dunstable, but did not associate it with the case.

Your next step was to inform Inspector Fowler, of Scotland Yard?—Yes.

In reply to Mr. Gill, Mr. Harmsworth said Cornalbas had a foreign accent, but he understood him to say he left Coventry at three o'clock. He also said that he did not consider anything serious had happened.

Owner's Deep Regret.

Before leaving the witness-stand Mr. Harmsworth expressed his great regret at the whole incident. It had been a great grief to him, and he could not say how sorry he was for the poor bereaved mother.

Mr. Murphy: You have done your best, as far as you could, to mitigate her sufferings.—Yes; everything in my power.

Chairman of the Bench: We quite appreciate that fact.

A young woman in deep mourning, Miss Clifton, the aunt of the dead boy, described how she found the child lying in the road after the car had passed, and carried him into the cottage, where he died almost at once. She broke down and sobbed while being examined.

Detective-inspector Fowler, of Scotland Yard, said he was first communicated with on the afternoon of April 22 (Easter Saturday) by Mr. Harrison, Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth's secretary.

Mr. Murphy: Foster stated that when he was charged at Hatfield Cornalbas's licence was found upon him; it was endorsed.

The prisoner was committed for trial to the Hertfordshire Assizes on June 24. Bail in £400 was allowed—£200 of his own and two sureties of £100 each.

WOMAN CHARGED WITH FORGERY

When a detective called on Miss Lucy Unwin, aged twenty-seven, a lady of no occupation living at 32, Upper Gloucester-place, Marylebone, and showed her a forged cheque for £4, she declared that she knew nothing about it and willingly stated with him to see the tradesman who had been victimised.

They had scarcely gone three steps, however, when she offered to tell the detective all about it.

She was remanded on Saturday on a charge of forging the name of Mrs. Bromley on three cheques.

THE QUEEN'S WISH.

Pigeon-Shooting Probably to Disappear
from Hurlingham.

A curious instance of the growing disfavour with which pigeon-shooting is now regarded is supplied by the Hurlingham Club.

The club, which came into existence for the purpose of encouraging pigeon-shooting, now proposes to abolish the amusement from its grounds at Fulham.

The proposal, which is to be moved by Lord Ancaster and seconded by Sir George Ewart, will be considered at the annual meeting of the club on the 30 th inst.

Its effect, if carried, will be to abolish pigeon-shooting at Hurlingham after the end of the current year. There is little doubt that it will be carried by a very substantial majority.

For, though formed as a pigeon-shooting club, the polo element has become so strong of recent years that the devotees of the trap and gun have dwindled to a small and not very influential coterie. There, however, the pigeon ground remains, its black, unsightly barricade an eyesore in the beautiful pleasure ground of the club.

Shooting matches are held from time to time, to the great annoyance of residents in the neighbourhood.

The very fact that the club has countenanced the recreation has proved an incubus to the managing committee.

Queen Alexandra, for instance, has never yet consented to visit the grounds. Her Majesty's well-known antipathy to pigeon-shooting supplies a reason for this tacit disapproval of a club which numbers among its members many of the best-known and most genuine sportsmen in the land.

FIT FOR DESERT ISLAND.

Recorder Suggests Robinson Crusoe Career
for Violent Vagabonds.

"These are members of the community who ought to be consigned to a desert island, though even there they would rob one another," said the Recorder at the Old Bailey on Saturday after passing sentence on three men convicted of highway robbery with violence.

The three men—Joe Morris, T. Neville, and J. Gregory, all old offenders—were charged with knocking down and robbing Charles H. Gould, in Spitalfields.

The police stated that Morris's victims are usually drunken sailors in the neighbourhood of the docks, whom he knocks about terribly and then robs.

Neville had never done a day's work except as a member of unemployed processions.

Gregory and Morris now received seven years' penal servitude each, and Neville three years.

MISSING JEWELS.

Another Alien Danger—German Footman
Vanishes with Valuables.

Suspicion of being concerned in the disappearance on Saturday of £200 worth of jewellery belonging to Mrs. Thomas Edwardes, Canfield-gardens, Finchley-road, naturally falls upon the new German footman who vanished at the same time.

In answer to Mrs. Edwardes's advertisement for a footman a few days ago, two young Germans applied together, and one was selected.

On Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Edwardes went away, and Martin, as the new footman was called, was left in the house with Mrs. Edwardes's mother and two servants.

At tea-time Martin and the jewellery were missed.

TREASURE IN A TEA-POT.

Hidden Hoard of Spade Guineas Used by
Children as Counters.

Jewellers and pawnbrokers in Kensington have been warned not to deal in guinea and half-guinea pieces, a hoard of which was discovered in a tea-pot during the demolition of some old houses close to Sir Walter Phillimore's residence, the other day, and became distributed among the workmen.

They were thought to be valuable, and were thrown away with the rubbish, but a labourer took one to a jeweller, who pronounced it to be a George III. spade guinea.

Large numbers, meanwhile, were being used as counters by children, and some had been offered to tradesmen without success.

PRICE OF A LOAF.

For stealing a loaf of bread from a barrow in Battersea, James Nicholson, aged seventeen, was sentenced on Saturday to fourteen days' imprisonment.

"I was hungry," he explained. The court missionary said he knew nothing against the prisoner's character.

AUSTRALIANS' PRACTICE MATCH.

Noble the Hero of a Great Batting Display—His Palace Record.

DARLING LOOKING AHEAD.

By F. B. WILSON.

(Last year's Cambridge Captain.)

A good deal has already been both said and written touching the fact that Darling did not declare on Saturday afternoon, when in a safe position to do so.

It has been said, with some show of reason, that the match "fizzled out" in consequence, and that it was hard luck on the many people who came down to the Palace hoping to see either a sporting finish or a fine display of batting by the Gentlemen.

Darling preferred giving his side some good practice to making them work hard for a rather doubtful victory. To those who are inclined to put forward the theory that the Australians can practise at the nets if below their form, the answer must be given that half-a-dozen hours' nets are not worth a quarter of an hour on the tented field. Further, if certain people came ten miles to see the English side, the Australians have come right across the world to beat England, and with only fourteen men to do it with.

Noble's Object Lesson.

Noble is not likely to be very popular with the fielding side at the Crystal Palace, barring those who want a lesson in the art of batting. His record against Dr. Grace's merry men is as follows:—

1890.—Not out.....	110
1892.—c Jessop, b Braund.....	10
1893.—b E. J. Llewellyn.....	4
1895.—c Warner, b Odell.....	60
1896.—c Peidevin, b Jessop.....	163

This gives a quiet average of 88, which should be good enough for anybody. Yet those who saw his innings at the Palace on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday mornings may well be excused for remarking somewhat pessimistically: "Well, it might have been a jolly sight worse for us."

Noble stuck for a long time in the nineties, and some of the more hopeful English supporters were inclined to think it was nervousness on his part. But it was only making a dead certainty of a certainty, for the century was bound to come.

After passing the hundred he, Jehu-like, drove furiously, especially taking tea with Beldam. He was let off several times while having a go, but possibly he relied on that. The fielding of the English side was, with one or two honourable exceptions, of the filmy type that needs a dark room very badly.

Hill Unlucky.

Hill was unlucky not to top the century, Blearley hitting the sticks with a perfect beauty, which ripped right across the wicket at a great pace.

Darling played a fine, free 65, and no doubt could have got more, but he did not get stiff by having too long a net.

Cotter dispelled all doubts as to his hitting abilities, and with McLeod put on some 60 odd in about half an hour for the last wicket. Blearley bowled well, despite his bad leg and a poor response from his side, but he had obviously had his whack of it before the end of the innings. A grand catch by Jessop, in making which he unfortunately hurt his right "flipper," made some amends for the general bad fielding of the side.

When the Gentlemen commenced their innings, with only just over an hour and a half to go, there was no chance, bar accidents, of the game being finished.

MacLaren immediately took the long handle, finding McLeod especially to his liking; in fact, he scored 37 while Warner was scoring 3. The latter was out to a fine catch by Duff, from whom, as usual, the "er" was distinctly missing. Running back and judging the ball beautifully, he "boxed the sphere" at arm's length "all the way."

Fry in Form.

Fry showed none of his much-talked-of inability to cope with the Australian bowling, and he must have been pleased to stop one "fizzing subterranean" from Hopkins which might have "hobbed" any batsman in the world.

During his innings Fry made some "man's blows," and only made one weak shot right at the end of his knock, which was probably due to his trying to get the half century "on time."

Hopkins and McLeod bowled well, especially the latter, who at no time came in for much consecutive punishment.

The fielding, with the exception of one false move, was beautiful, and if Test matches can be won by fielding there's "only one in it."

McLeod had rather a long spin for his first time out, and he may be very stiff to-day, especially

(Continued on page 14.)

INTERESTING NEWS ITEMS.

Complaint is made by the parishioners of Thornthwaite-with-Braithwaite, a little village in Cumberland, that their vicar's sermons are too short.

Sir C. Metcalfe, the engineer of the famous Zambesi bridge, recently completed, was among the arrivals at Southampton from the Cape on Saturday.

Mr. George Day, a veteran among the bellringers in East Anglia, was buried at Eye, Suffolk, on Saturday, a handbell peal being rung over his grave.

Double street pillar letter-boxes, hitherto restricted to the heaviest posting places in the metropolis, have been introduced to Newcastle streets as an experiment.

During the hearing of a charge against a cyclist at Scarborough it was said he was riding at such a furious pace that when he collided with a lady she turned a complete somersault.

Known as the "Yorkshire Queen of Song" of half a century ago, Mrs. Susan Sunderland is lying seriously ill at her residence, Spring-terrace, Brighouse. She is in her eighty-seventh year.

As a result of the meeting of the Manchester Licensing authority, forty-seven licences are to be extinguished and compensation paid to their owners. This number is easily a record in the north of England.

Now that the submarine is to play such an important part in the defence of our coast the Admiralty are providing for the establishment of depots for this particular kind of craft at all the home naval ports.

In an old sack lying in a garden at Fleckney village, near Leicester, a pair of tomtits have just built their nest.

Two distinct and well-formed eggs connected by a narrow neck of shell have just been laid by a pullet belonging to a fancier at Kilcreegan, Ayrshire.

In contradiction to the general belief that the nightingale never visits Devon, people living in the neighbourhood of Tiverton Junction declare that they hear the king of songsters every night.

Evidence at the inquest on Viscount Trafalgar, of Braydon Hall, Minety, Wilts., on Saturday, showed that he had broken his neck by falling downstairs. Accidental Death was the verdict returned.

Objection was taken by a miners' delegate at Newcastle on Saturday to an expenditure of £70 on silver trowels for persons laying foundation-stones. The chairman told him that such courtesies were useful to the association.

Potatoes, owing to disease among the crops, are becoming unusually scarce, and the market for them is going up. In Warwickshire they have lately advanced £1 per ton, as much as £4 per ton being paid for some on Saturday.

Ravensdale Park, a Derbyshire hamlet, has no place of worship, no school, and no poor. There are only ten electors on the parish register, and of these six reside in neighbouring villages. Lord Scarsdale, the Indian Viceroy's father, is the chief resident landowner.

OPENING OF THE EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.



Scene in the grounds of the Naval and Fisheries Exhibition at Earle's Court, which was opened by the Lord Mayor on Saturday. A great crowd assembled, and, aided by the glorious summerlike weather, much enjoyed the exhibition.

A nephew and niece of Mr. John Redmond have entered the English Benedictine Order of monks and nuns.

Admiration in Manchester for the Japanese admiral, Togo, has led to a new thoroughfare in that city being named after him.

Fourteen lambs have been killed by foxes on a farm at Strachurmore, Argyllshire. A strict watch with guns is now being kept.

One of the most curious places of worship to be seen within the British Isles is at Lodaig, near Oban, where a cave has been fitted up and is used for services.

"Battersea is a healthier borough than Brighton," said the mayor of the first-named place, in addressing a gathering at the annual municipal horse parade in Battersea Park on Saturday.

Tests made by the Board of Trade in connection with the installation of automatic signalling laid down between Aline and Thirkby by the North-Eastern Railway have been completed. The system is favourably reported upon.

Much indignation has been caused in Newcastle by the action of the police in informing newsgatherers that boards for displaying contents bills, whether fixed to the premises or protruding, must be taken in or the owners are liable to be summoned. It is proposed to take joint action in the matter.

Pott Shrigley, a pretty Cheshire village, is in the throes of a conflict between the vicar and part of his flock. The church officials and choir have resigned because, to quote an old inhabitant, the chief landowner of the village, a lady, "wants to have her own way, and the vicar wants to have his."

Determined to get rid of his surplus stock, an undertaker at Newbury advertised a "Sale by auction of twenty ready-made coffins."

Lord Ellesmere has presented the residents of Boothstown, near Worsley, with a large cottage in the centre of the village for use as a recreation institute.

Mr. F. H. Baxendale's motor-car, which was stolen from Clabon-meng, Cheshire, a woman's description of which appeared in the *Daily Mirror* on Friday, has been recovered in Oxfordshire. A man is in custody.

In a drain which had to be opened at a house in Newtown, Lancs., the following queer collection of articles came to light:—Sardine tin, enamelled teapot, coffee tin, scouring brush, a large meat bone, and a quantity of linen.

Women at Clewer (Berkshire) put out a fire before the local brigade arrived, and hard things were said about the latter at the parish council meeting. The chairman said he could not go or send a mile to fetch the fireman.

Representatives of four successive Primates signed the register on the occasion of the marriage of a daughter of the Archbishop of Madinetone, at Canterbury. They were Miss Traill, Mr. A. C. Benson, Mr. William Temple, and Mrs. Davidson.

By the death of Mrs. Sarah Waldron, a Chittlehampton (Devon) housekeeper, a woman's beneficent club of an extraordinary kind has come to an end. Once a year the members gathered at Hudcost, the seat of the late Lord Rolle, who allowed them each three half-pints of ale. The funeral of a member was attended by twelve sister-members, bearing white rods.

MOTOR-BOAT CLUB MEET.

Picturesque Assemblage at Kingston-on-Thames.

OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

Evidently the motor-boat is the boat of the future.

Saturday's motor-boat meet at Kingston-on-Thames, photographs of which appear on page 8, goes to show how quickly it has become popular and how that popularity has been earned.

At the hour announced, 4.30 precisely, the commodore of the first British Motor-boat Club (which is barely a few months old), Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B., hoisted his burgee on the flag-ship Elgival, twenty-one boats of the fleet immediately following suit. A start was then made, and, piloted by the Thames Conservancy launch, the fleet of tiny craft, cheered by thousands of spectators, proceeded, at about five knots, to Teddington as far as the Cam-Isis Clubhouse, returning thence to the starting-place at Kingston Bridge.

After the debarkation the company adjourned to the Sun Hotel, where dinner was served to upwards of 100 members and guests of the club. The chair was taken by Admiral Kennedy, and there were also present Lord Royston, Hon. C. S. Rolls, Lieutenant Wyndham, King's Messenger, Mr. Charles Jarrott, Mr. Noel Kennedy (chairman), and other distinguished guests and members. The announcement made by Sir William Kennedy (in proposing the toast of the King) that the Marquis of Ailsa had consented to become vice-commodore of the club, was received with enthusiasm.

ADMIRAL'S DIVERTING SPEECH.

Mr. Alexander Kennedy, in proposing the toast of "The Commodore," said that glorious as was the sight presented to them by the hoisting of the burgee on Admiral Kennedy's boat that afternoon, a still more glorious sight was exhibited by the fluttering astern of the White Ensign. He believed that was the first time it had ever flown over a motor-boat.

Admiral Kennedy replied in a very diverting speech, in which he said, that not being a motorist himself, he could not think why the club had done him the honour of making him its commodore. He supposed it was quite consistent with the popular notion of a Lord of the Admiralty being entirely ignorant of his duties. The club had been congratulated by Mr. Kennedy over the matter of the White Ensign. Strictly speaking, its appearance was a breach of the regulations. Well, he had served his country for over fifty years, and he thought the matter might be overlooked this time.

FOUR BROTHERS SERVE THE KING.

It is seldom that one comes across a family in which four brothers have all been in different branches of the royal service, and therefore the photograph of the brothers Paxford, which we publish on page 9, is particularly interesting. Arthur, the eldest of the four, is an Ascot district postman, stationed at Sunninghill. He has been in the Post Office service for nineteen years. Alfred, shown in his hunter costume, is now first whip of the Vine Foxhounds at Basingstoke. Formerly he was horseman to the first whip of the Queen's Royal Buckhounds, stationed at Ascot. George, the soldier, is a gunner in the Royal Field Artillery at Aldershot, and the youngest brother, Walter, serves as a stoker on board H.M.S. Canopus.

Recently the three younger brothers, quite by chance, visited Arthur, the postman, in their uniforms, at Sunninghill, and it was then that they took the opportunity of being photographed.

FIRST WOMAN PASSIVE RESISTER IMPRISONED.

Miss Johnston, of Stoke Newington, and her father, the Rev. J. Johnston, minister of the Raleigh Memorial Church, Albion-road, Stoke Newington, were both released from different gaols on Saturday morning. Both were imprisoned for refusing to pay the education rate, Miss Johnston being the first woman passive resister to be sent to gaol.

As our photographs on page 1 show, a considerable number of friends waited outside Wormwood Scrubs Prison for the Rev. J. Johnston, who is seventy-six years of age. Among them was the minister's son, who in the photograph is seen carrying the extra bedding which his father was allowed to take with him to prison. Several friends also waited for Miss Johnston, who was released from Holloway Gaol, and in the evening the father and daughter spoke at a demonstration held at the Stoke Newington chapel.

"TRAVELLING" AT 82.

Although eighty-two years of age, George Deeks pursued his occupation as a commercial traveller until he was knocked down by a van in Hampstead-road.

At the inquest on Saturday it was remarked that Deeks only had to use spectacles when reading.

NOTICE TO READERS.

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"O.K." SAUCE MONDAY!
"O.K." SAUCE COLD MEAT DAY!!
"O.K." SAUCE But all good housewives
"O.K." SAUCE know that the cold joint
"O.K." SAUCE is made attractive with
"O.K." SAUCE Mason's "O.K." Sauce.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MAY 8, 1905

EVIDENCE OF THUMB.

THERE was a peculiarly English remark in one of the speeches for the defence in the Masked Murderers' trial which ended on Saturday.

It was peculiarly English for counsel to say that the finger-print identification system which convicted the prisoners "savoured of the French courts," and to question whether it was suitable to English courts of justice.

The English mind distrusts everything to which it is not accustomed. It is always inclined to speak with disdain of anything that comes from abroad. And when we say "the English mind," we do not mean the "British mind," for neither Scots nor Irishmen nor Colonials are slaves to this unfortunate prejudice against things foreign and things new.

There was, however, something more behind this remark than dislike of a novelty imported from the Continent. The tendency of English justice is to regard a criminal trial as a kind of fox hunt or a cricket match, in which it would be ungentlemanly to take any "unfair" advantage.

Continental justice, on the other hand, regards a criminal in the light of a dangerous animal who must be laid by the heels. It does not care much how it catches him. In some directions this leads to methods which run counter to our principle that a man is innocent until he has been proved guilty, and which we should not care to see imitated here.

But this finger-print system certainly does not fall under the same condemnation as the browbeating of prisoners and witnesses by magistrates, or the melodramatic "reconstitution" of the scene of a crime. It is a very proper and very valuable aid to justice. It has enabled us to bring home to their authors many dastardly crimes which would otherwise have gone unpunished.

In this case it is very doubtful whether, without the testimony of the thumb marks, any jury would have convicted these two wretched young men who callously murdered an old couple for the sake of a few pounds. To foster prejudice against a system which leads to the tracking down of such wild beasts in human shape is not only stupid, it is anti-social, it is a crime.

"THAT CHILLY FEELING."

While we are very sorry about Mr. Chamberlain's severe chill, we cannot be surprised at it. The past ten days have made many people suffer. Colds and chills of all kinds have been prevalent. Everyone has been more or less off colour.

The reason no one can exactly hit upon. It has been cold certainly, but equal cold in January would not affect us. It has been dull, but dullness is our usual lot in December, and yet we keep pretty well. Probably the reason why we have felt the cold and the grey skies so much is that they are so unseasonable.

However, there is every ground for hope that now the sun means to assert himself. Both on Saturday and yesterday there was glorious weather in the country, and even London brightened up and looked fairly cheerful. Straw hats and light dresses are in great demand. One can think of the river without shivering.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ accepted by thy reason, solves for thee all questions in the earth and out of it, and has so far advanced thee to be wise.—Browning.

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

THIS afternoon the King returns to town after a very pleasant week-end at Sandringham. There is no place in the world, not even Paris, not even Marienbad, where he enjoys better health and spirits than in Norfolk. There was some talk, when Queen Victoria died, of his giving up Sandringham to the Prince and Princess of Wales, but when the King, who is generally the last person to hear of such rumours, got to know of this one he announced most emphatically that nothing would ever induce him to leave the place.

Sandringham is dear to him and to the Queen rather by reason of its associations, of the long time spent through troubles and happiness there, than because of any exceptional beauty in the place itself. When you first see the house it strikes you as being a by no means regal building—more like a comfortable squire's home than the home of a King. Besides, certain parts of the house are deplorably early Victorian—the drawing-room, hall,

he proved it during the war of 1870. Though well off and comfortably lodged in Paris, he gave up everything to enlist in the active army. He went straight to the colonel of the Third Zouaves and said: "Colonel, I want to fight in your regiment till the war is over." But the colonel was doubtful of the ardour of the young Parisian. "The work is hard," he said, "and the knapsack a heavy load to carry." "Not as heavy as shame," was Déroutelle's reply.

The Bishop of Winchester, Dr. Ryle, who has just been telling us that a rainy day is an "excellent test of character," is one of our distinctly "muscular Christians," and one feels that he would probably spend a wet day in banging a football about, or in going for a thirty-mile walk. At Eton Dr. Ryle was famous as a runner and a jumper. He also had a reputation for climbing up trees and reading books seated on their topmost branches. One day at school he fell down from one of these aerial seats, and would have been killed had it not been for a seat at the foot of the tree which broke his fall.

Everybody is very sorry for Major and Lady Sarah Wilson, who have just lost their little ten-year-old son. These very popular people belong to the King's inner circle of friends. They have another son, Randolph, named after Lord Randolph Churchill, Lady Sarah's brother. Lady Sarah is one of the most courageous women in the world. Her exploits during the Boer war are still remembered even in these days of short memories—her stay in Mafeking during the siege, her escape, and subsequent imprisonment, her travels in an ox-wagon to the remotest corners of South Africa.

Major Gordon Wilson once established a sure claim to King Edward's favour by saving Queen Victoria's life. As a valiant Eton boy, he rushed at the lunatic who tried to assassinate the late Queen, many years ago, at Windsor Station, and knocked him down. After this heroic deed, the

MISS MADGE TITHERADGE,



The second son of the German Emperor, who is paying a visit to this country.

and staircase especially. In spite of this, however, in spite of stuffed birds and formidably stiffened sofas and chairs, the place is more homelike, more strictly private in appearance than any other of the King's houses.

The Maharajah of Kapurthala, who is our guest in London just now, is, like the Gaekwar of Baroda, a thoroughly Westernised Indian. He speaks English marvellously, plays polo and cricket like an Englishman, and is married (among others) to an English lady. He is said to have met his wife, who was then a young widow, for the first time in a painter's studio in Paris. She called on the painter to see how the portrait he was making of her had progressed. She gazed in to the studio, gave two fingers to the Maharajah, looked at the portrait, and glided out again. That brief glimpse of her, however, sufficed to inspire the Eastern with a romantic adoration.

Parisian gossips noticed after this that wherever the young widow went there the Maharajah went too. He followed her about with Oriental patience, and compared her eyes to stars, and flattered her with elaborate Eastern praises. Finally he proposed. The widow reminded him that he had already fifty wives or so, but that objection he laughed to scorn. So they married after all, and the Englishwoman came into partial possession of the amazing jewels which fill dozens of caskets and chests in the Maharajah's Indian home.

If his friends succeed in getting the violently patriotic Paul Déroutelle, that Don Quixote in exile, recalled to France, we may expect a considerable stir in the political atmosphere there. M. Déroutelle's disposition was cleverly ridiculed once by a French cartoonist, who represented him at a performance of "Cyrano de Bergerac." Cyrano, you remember, has an enormous nose; so has M. Déroutelle. Seated in the stalls watching the play, Déroutelle suddenly became aware that a nose was being ridiculed. That was a personal affront. Accordingly he was pictured in the act of rising in his seat to challenge Coquelin, who wore the nose, Rostand who had invented it, the audience who watched him, in short, everybody in the theatre, to mortal combat for daring to mention a feature about which he is so reasonably sensitive.

In spite of ridicule, however, Déroutelle's patriotism is sincere, if ever any man's was, and



Who is playing the part of Caroline, one of Napoleon's sisters, in "The Creole," produced on Saturday at the Haymarket Theatre.—(Barnett.)

Queen took a great interest in the boy and in his father, "Sam" Wilson, a rough, but very rich, Colonial squatter, whom she afterwards knighted. Lady Huntington is, by the way, a daughter of the late Sir Samuel Wilson.

Mr. William Collier has certainly conquered the dramatic critics, and there can scarcely be any doubt that he will win equal favour with players generally. In "The Dictator" at the Comedy Theatre he proves himself a comic actor of the quiet "ready liar" type, endowed with an unusual charm of manner and an exceptional facility of expression. Both his face and his voice convey fine shades of meaning with unerring certainty. He can throw his audience into fits of laughter by raising an eyebrow. Indeed, he keeps the house in a continuous ripple of merriment the whole evening.

Mr. Collier has only been in London once before, that was seventeen years ago. He was call-boy in the Dally Company at the Lyceum. One day he had a dispute with the principal stage-carpenter about some piece of business. The carpenter told the cock-sure young American that "he had better try some other trade, for he would never be any good on the stage." "See here," was the reply, "next time I come to your city I'll be a manager playing lead in my own crowd." And that is what Mr. Collier is doing now.

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

WHERE DO WE STAND?

As a medical man I would also like an answer to this question. For years our teachers have described alcohol (1) as a food, (2) as an aid to digestion, (3) as one of the most useful weapons we have to fight against syncope, fevers, and exhaustive diseases generally. Now Sir Frederick Treves, at the eleventh hour, tells us alcohol is a poison.

I venture to think that, in spite of this, many medical men, who for years have seen the good effect of alcohol in acute diseases when our patients threaten to sink from exhaustion and heart failure, will continue to prescribe this particular poison, and as a beverage will use it "as good for our stomach's sake and our many infirmities."

May I add, with all reverence, that Christ would not have turned water into poison?

SOLOMON GEORGE WATSON, M.R.C.S.

Brighton.

IS HOME-WORK BAD?

At the age of fourteen I used to start for school at 8.15 a.m., and rarely left before six p.m.

I had nominally two and half hours' home-work to do, which often kept me up till twelve p.m., the alternative being attendance at school on Wednesday or Saturday afternoon—if not both.

I have not found schoolboys to be the happier! Great Winchester-street, E.C. TWENTY-ONE.

TOO MANY MUSICAL PRODIGES.

I was pleased to read your criticism of "Children Prodiges," as only this week, at the Bristol Eisteddfod, we had one of these cases.

A boy of eleven years competed against performers up to twenty years of age in a pianoforte competition for a fifty-guinea piano. The piece was a difficult one, "Invitation à la Valse," by Weber.

The prize was awarded to the prodigy, yet one of the competitors gained the gold medal last year for piano playing.

R. N. M.
Clifton, Bristol, May 6.

NUISANCES AT THE PLAY.

I am much interested in the correspondence regarding late-comers at the theatre. What I consider far worse is the constant talking which some people will persist in keeping up through the whole play.

The other night I went to the Imperial Theatre to see "Romeo and Juliet," and was much annoyed throughout the greater part of the time by the ceaseless chatter of a couple seated next me. Even during the most thrilling scenes they could not keep silent, although it must have been obvious to them that they were disturbing others.

If at concerts the audience is requested not to talk during the performance, why not at theatres? Sidcup. DISGUSTED.

STAGE ENGLISH.

Everyone knows how one of our leading actors pronounces the word "girl." The nearest phonetic spelling of "girl," as pronounced by this actor, would be "gaiel." He is perfectly oblivious of the fact that there is an "i" in the word.

How many of our leading players pronounce the word "idea" and similar vowel-ending words, without adding a final "r"? I suggest very, very few. All of which are Cockneyisms of the worst type.

J. P. RICE.
Rathgar, Co. Dublin.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT

Lord Young.

AFTER thirty years as a Judge of the Court of Session of Scotland, and after eighty-six years of life, he has retired, and Scotland loses its only judicial humorist.

At the same time it loses an excellent Judge. From his high age it would not be surprising at his retirement, but to those who know him it is different. Only the other day he turned to a colleague, ten years his junior, and said, "It will be your turn to retire next." Years do not seem to affect his age in the least.

It is as a criminal Judge that he has made his greatest name. The Scottish criminal's greatest fear is to come before him. He has reduced the baiting of them to a fine art. Still, that does not affect his popularity—for he is very popular—or their appreciation of his humour.

The division of liars, usually attributed to Adam, into liars, damned liars, and skilled witnesses, is really to be laid at the door of this venerable judicial humorist.

IN MY GARDEN.

MAY 7.—We are gradually approaching a season when many gardens are somewhat bare of flowers. Daffodils, primroses, hyacinths, early tulips will soon have finished blooming. How can we brighten the garden until summer is well advanced?

The gorgeous late tulips cannot be too widely grown. Left in the ground they will flower, uncarved, year after year.

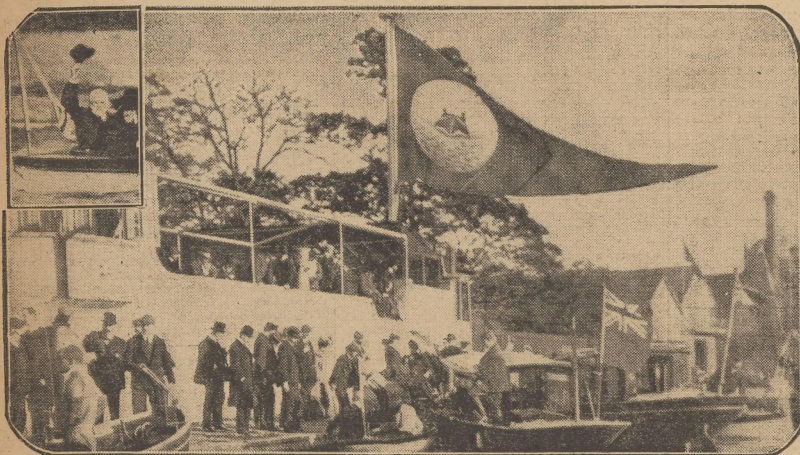
The old-fashioned columbines can be had in countless shades of color. Lupins, poppies, sweet rockets, Oriental poppies will also be flowering at the end of this month.

These plants with a lovely chain of bloom link spring to summer.

E. F. T.

Reported by Camera:

FIRST MOTOR-BOAT MEET ON THE THAMES.



Motor-boats assembling at Kingston on Saturday for the first meet of the Motor-boat Club. Over twenty boats dipped their ensigns to the commodore, Admiral Sir William Kennedy, K.C.B., whose portrait appears in the smaller photograph. The large flag is the burgee of the club.

CARICATURE OF THE MOTOR-BOAT COMMODORE



This amusing caricature of Admiral Sir William Kennedy, the commodore of the Motor Boat Club, which assembled at Kingston on Saturday, was drawn by Miss D. Marshall, who was present at the meeting.

DUKE OF ORLEANS,



Who is starting on a six months' expedition to the Polar regions. He has no intention of trying to reach the Pole, but will confine himself to the pursuit of scientific research in high latitudes. —(Whitlock.)

OPENING ASYLUM WHICH COST £300,000.



The Lord Mayor of Birmingham opening the doors of Hollymoor Asylum with a golden key. The asylum, which has cost about £300,000, will accommodate 1,000 patients. —(Whitlock.)

TA JEN CHANG.



His Excellency Ta Jen Chang, the Chinese Minister in England, who is retiring. —(Russell.)

THE WEEK-

LAWYERS BEAT MEMBERS OF THE



Sir Thomas Parkyn, one of Mr. Balfour's opponents, driving in the House of Commons v. the Bar Golfers.



Mr. George Elliott—who beat Mr. J. A. Peabody—bunker shot. The Bar Golfers by nine points.

M. A. NOBLE SCORES THE FIRST



Mr. M. A. Noble scoring his hundredth run from Mr. Brearley's bowling. To make this, the first century scored for the Australia.

MR. JOHN LEWIS, AUSTRALIAN BOWLER CHE



The doyen of Association football referees, who has just concluded twenty-five years' service as referee by taking charge of a Belgium v. France international match.



Mr. A. Cotter, the Australian bowler, piling his score of 43. Our photograph shows the crowd applying.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS OF

END SPORT.

HOUSE OF COMMONS AT GOLF.



Playing for the Bar,
M.P.—playing a
on the day's play
to four.



Sir K. Muir Mackenzie, K.C., driving
in his game against Mr. Guy Pym,
M.P.

CENTURY FOR THE AUSTRALIANS.



In the Australians v. Gentlemen of England match at the Crystal
Palace, the batsman took two hours and three-quarters.

ED FOR HARD HITTING.

M. A. NOBLE,



The tired Englishmen's bowling all
innings, hitting two 6's, while com-
ing returning to the pavilion while
(Russell.)



The Australian batsman
who scored the first
century of the tour at the
Crystal Palace on Satur-
day, playing against
Gentlemen of England.

The Day's News Portrayed

LONDON DISTRICT RIFLEMEN SHOOTING AT BISLEY.



Shooting for the General's Cups during the thirteenth annual meeting of the London District Riflemen, held
at Bisley on Saturday. The cups were won by Colour-Sergeant Strickley, of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards
(who appears in the smaller photograph on the left), and Private H. Mead, of the 1st London Rifles.

CLAIMS £6,000,000.



Robert Palmer Hume, the poor deaf
mute of Lowestoft, who is claiming to
be heir to an estate worth £6,000,000 in
Scotland. He, however, still goes
about his daily work of gathering
flossam and jetsam off the beach for
a living.

BROTHERS WHO HAVE SERVED THE KING.



These four brothers of a family living at Sunninghill have all
served the King. Arthur Paxford is a postman, Alfred was a
horseman in the Royal Buckhounds, George is in the Royal
Artillery, and Walter is a stoker on H.M.S. Canopus.

MR. W. BECKETT.



Who will contest the Whitby
constituency, rendered vacant
by his brother's succession to
the peerage, in the Conserva-
tive interest.

DICKENS' LONDON DISAPPEARING.



The most picturesque corner of Gray's Inn—the north-west corner of the
South-square—which is in the hands of the housebreakers, and will soon
have disappeared.

FOOD AT COST PRICE.

Notable Experiment on German Lines Which Begins To-day.

By GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

At six o'clock this morning a people's restaurant on a new plan will be opened in Stepney. In this interesting article Miss Gertrude Kingston, known to the world both as a clever writer and a brilliant actress, explains how it came to be started.

We have at last reached an epoch in our national history when we realise that a plateful of wholesome food has a more humanising and rationalising effect than a whole armful of tracts and texts.

What I most marvel at in my walks abroad is the patience of the poor amid the daily temptations around them, in the face of want, of cold, of distress in every shape that the devilry of poverty can devise.

In this city of cruel contrasts we who are a little more lucky than others deem ourselves something unselfish if we devote a few occasional hours to the service of the poor; we leave our pretty, comfortable homes pressed in what we consider our shabbiest clothes, and endeavour to teach them our language, our manners, and our code of morals. We pretend, by going among them to bring what we choose to call "a little brightness in their lives" and to teach them what we are pleased to name civilisation.

Yet all the while it is they who are teaching us lessons of mute courage, of uncomplaining, dumb endurance in the teeth of such destitution as can only be found in a centre of great wealth.

THE PATIENCE OF THE POOR.

It is, as I said, the contrast that makes the cruelty more marked in such a city as London. Hyde Park and its long lines of carriages, motors, electric broughams, and outside the hungry and the needy peering in, never dreaming of intruding their ragged amongst the beautiful dresses of the women and the well-brushed hats of the men.

All this has been said a hundred times, but it must be said again to explain what I mean by the "patience" of the poor. They are more ungrudging and cheerful here than in any other country in Europe, and less politically discontented; and yet in no other city is the demarcation between rich and poor drawn with harder and faster lines than in London.

In Berlin, for instance, the poor live in the cellars and garrets of the houses of the well-to-do. In London there are whole districts and quarters uninhabited by a single well-to-do family. It is this pitiless marking off of class and caste that makes it so difficult to introduce the Elberfeld system of public charity into London. The citizenship of that system must of necessity be more costly in time and money where immense distances have to be traversed to make inquiries about individual cases, and where we are not living amongst those we would try to help.

It was in Berlin that I first wandered into a "Volkliche" or "people's kitchen," and tasted for my trifling sum as well-cooked a meal as I should get in any expensive lodging-house of Mayfair or South Belgravia. I then learned that there were several associations all over Berlin, and

indeed, in every German town, as well as in Vienna, started by private philanthropic enterprise on very small capital.

I visited a great many of these eating-houses subsequently, and found them all more or less alike, with kitchen and dining-room on the same level, to avoid the expense of hired waiting, all absolutely unostentatious, with no attempt at anything but excessive cleanliness.

There were no waiters or waitresses, but a metal tally was bought at the door for the price of the meal wanted, and the customer presented this at the counter across the kitchen entrance and fetched his own plate of food or cup of drink.

It was Christmas-time when I was there. Hence the dining-rooms were a very full of people who sought warmth as much as food, and I was particularly struck, not only by the uniform tastiness of the food wherever I went, but also the excellence of the material used. I make a point of this because if the food provided is unwholesome and unsound, then the sum charged is exorbitant, whatever it be.

GERMAN SOCIETY WOMEN.

Frau Lina Morgenstern, who started the very first popular kitchen in Germany many years ago, is now a very old lady, but still wonderfully alert and energetic, and she was kind enough to initiate me in some of the mysteries of the undertaking. It is only by rigid economy and attention to detail that these eating-rooms can support themselves, and each of these separate establishments is overlooked by a lady visitor, who gives her services voluntarily, and who checks and balances the metal counters with the receipts every evening. These ladies, who each undertake one day a week, are all women of good social standing.

It is in interesting fact I am a member of the executive committee of the Twentieth Century League for the Welfare of Boys and Girls, and the constant complaint that reaches us from the clubs and settlements all over London is the want, nay, the absolute dearth, of voluntary workers.

On my return to London, Lady Layard and I determined to profit by what I had seen, and endow to start a similar little dining-room at which wholesome, well-cooked food would be provided at cost price. The Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein, who from the first sympathised keenly with our object, went herself to Stepney to choose suitable premises, and, seeing the possibilities of 347, Mile End-road, at once urged us to rent it.

PRACTICAL PHILANTHROPY.

Hence we have named our little restaurant "The Princess's Dining Rooms." On Thursday last her Royal Highness paid a visit of inspection there, and expressed herself much satisfied with what she saw.

We do not claim for our undertaking any originality or distinction from many similar rooms that have been opened lately in many parts of London, especially where workgirls congregate, but we hope sincerely that, if our Stepney eating-house prove a success, with Princess Victoria as our president we may open others where they are sadly wanted.

Meanwhile, this is not to be confounded with an appeal to the public that has lately been made in the daily Press in the form of a letter headed "The Submerged Tenth," and signed by a lady who makes no pretensions to be a worker in Stepney. We have no pretensions to be able to plied by their silent endurance.

It is but a small effort of practical philanthropy—if one may use so big a name for so small a matter—and an endeavour to help where the pressure is greatest. GERTRUDE KINGSTON.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up on the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet. He expects his horse King Daffodil to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and the unscrupulous owner of the public house at the Derby, The Devil.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mr. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERRICK: A gentleman jockey, who is to ride King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

YOU CAN BEGIN TO-DAY.

Arthur Merrick is to ride the racehorse, King Daffodil, in the Derby, and, though the fact is kept secret, his victory is regarded as certain. The public favourite for the race is The Devil, a horse belonging to Mr. Vogel, who has learned this secret about King Daffodil.

Vogel has in his power a Mrs. Hilary, a fascinating society woman, whose drunken husband he is keeping broad. She is in love with Merrick, and he with her, and Vogel hopes to force her to use her power with her lover to prevent King Daffodil from winning.

Lyndal Maybrick, a ward of Joe Marvis, who is training King Daffodil, is also in love with Merrick. A splendid horsewoman, she has hidden in the secret trials which have proved King Daffodil's certain victory. Marvis believes that Merrick is in love with Lyndal, and so does Lyndal herself.

Merrick and Dolores are on a day's expedition from Vogel's house together, where they are both guests. After a delightful day, he insists on her telling him why she refuses to be his wife.

CHAPTER VIII. (continued).

"Have you finished?" Merrick asked again.

Dolores sighed: "Yes, I'm afraid I can't say any more."

"If you were to say a great, great deal more, if you were to talk with the tongue of an angel or a prophet, I should not listen. My mind is made up, and cannot be broken. So tell me, quickly, briefly, why Vogel is sending for your husband?"

He spoke the last word with emphasis. "The morning that you received a letter, the first, from Epsom, telling you the news of King Daffodil's trial, and that you were to ride the horse in the Derby?"

Merrick nodded; his face expressed little beyond mild interest; at the mention of the horse a slight frown furrowed his brow. He could not think what Dolores was going to say.

"That morning," she continued, "you found me in the Palmery, alone."

Merrick smiled.

"I found myself that morning, too," he interrupted enigmatically.

"You foolishly confided a secret to me, the secret of the horse's trial and the fact that it was certain to win the Derby."

"Well?"

"It is dangerous to confide secrets to a woman," Merrick's face clouded.

"You told Vogel," he said shortly.

There were surprise and displeasure in his voice, but no contempt or anger. Dolores glanced quickly at him. She had not realised that his blind love would stand a stronger test than even she was going to put it to.

"I didn't tell him," she replied, no resentment in her voice.

"Forgive me," Merrick seized her hands. "Forgive me—"

CYRIL MAUDE AS NAPOLEON.

Saturday's New Plays and Some Points About Future Productions.

"The Creole," who gives the title to Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's new first-piece at the Haymarket, is Josephine Beauharnais, Napoleon's first wife.

She was a fascinating, voluptuous creature of mixed French and Spanish blood, and, while the great man went away conquering Egypt, she made her name notorious by her flirtations.

The little play shows us how he came home to Paris determined never to see her again, although still tortured by his passion for her, and how his resolution broke down. It ends with a repentant Josephine in her husband's arms.

Of course, it was only a temporary reconciliation, for Napoleon divorced Josephine later in order to marry a princess. But that does not prevent the piece being quite effective and interesting. It is made amusing, too, by the family squabbles of the Bonaparte family, who were a severe trial to their famous brother.

Mr. Maude's make-up is very good. He looks exactly like the early portraits of Napoleon and not a bit like himself. His voice is good, too—jerky and commanding. He should, however, study a more dignified walk; at present he struts.

Miss Wallis makes a striking and pathetic figure of the great man's mother. "The Creole" is certainly an attractive addition to "Everybody's Secret."

"JASPER BRIGHT" AT THE AVENUE.

That Mr. Henri de Vries is an actor of exceptional ability he proved by his performance in "A Case of Arson." But his production of "Jasper Bright" at the Avenue Theatre on Saturday evening was rather disappointing.

The play itself is hackneyed—"Our Boys" over again. A pompous pork butcher sends his son to college, and is surprised to find that, after taking his degree, he objects to entering the business and to having his name emblazoned over the shop front as "W. Bright, B.A." For this he is turned into the street.

As a contrast to him there is a professor's son, who is destined for the Bar, but who really wants to be in trade. Eventually each son gets his own way, and, of course, gets married, and that is the piece.

It has not even the merit of suiting Mr. de Vries particularly well. In the comedy passages one has little but praise for him, but the pathetic scenes show him at a disadvantage.

Miss Pattie Bell as Mrs. Bright, a suppressed wife, was the bright spot among the other characters.

POINTS FOR PLAYGOERS.

Mr. H. B. Irving's throat is troubling him so much that he is obliged to take a rest. Mr. Walter Hampden will therefore appear as Hamlet at the Adelphi to-morrow night and during the rest of the week.

Sir Henry Irving's "Becket," at Drury Lane, has proved such a success that it has been extended till May 20, an extra fortnight.

To-night Mr. Tree repeats "Twelfth Night," and plays "The Merchant of Venice." On Saturday he produces "Business is Business."

"He overheard; he overheard nearly everything—and he guessed the rest."

"You mean that he listened?"

Dolores nodded.

"I didn't know that he was that sort of ead."

Merrick waited for Dolores to continue; but she said no more. She thought that she had said enough for him to solve the riddle, to guess just as much of the ugly story as she wanted him to guess.

But he had not; men are not so quick at guessing as women.

"Go on," he said.

"Is it necessary? Don't you understand, can't you imagine the rest?"

"My imagination is not vivid enough. I can see no possible connection between King Daffodil, the Derby, and your—husband's later emphasis."

"The morning that I love you, I fail to understand why that should make him send for your husband. He knows I'm not the sort of chap to do anything dishonourable—you understand what I mean?"

Dolores winced. His words cut home. Yes, Vogel knew that Arthur Merrick was not the sort of chap to do anything dishonourable; but he also knew that all men in the power of a woman grow blind and deaf.

The Trojan war would never have been fought otherwise, nor history made or written.

Dolores nodded; she was afraid to speak. She did not know what to say!

"I'm sorry to worry you so," Merrick said gently. "I feel an awful beast, making you tell me these things, but you've forced me to. If you won't ever speak again about my giving you up, never seeing you again, or any nonsense of that sort, I'll be content and ask nothing. I can wait, and whatever happens I shall go on loving you. Only, one thing must not happen! Your husband must not return to England; you shall never be forced to meet him."

He will return, and he will claim me, his legal wife. He'll insist on his legal rights"—she laughed hysterically—"That is inevitable, do you understand, Arthur, inevitable!"

(Continued on page 11.)

WHAT IS MEANT BY URIC ACID TROUBLES?

There is a whole group of health troubles which are grouped together under the heading, "the principal ailments being gout, rheumatism, gouty eczema, gravel, sciatica, acid indigestion, and lumbago, though many others might be mentioned. Not only are there these various pronounced complaints, but also slighter troubles and preliminary symptoms which show that there is liability to these gravest affections at a later date.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Few proverbs are so frequently quoted and few so obviously true as the one that heads this article. Everyone recognises that it is better to anticipate and prevent an evil than to wait for it to arrive and then seek a remedy, and yet, in spite of this, in practical, everyday life it is found that though people perceive the first signs of approaching trouble, in numberless cases they make no effort and take no steps to prevent them. This is specially true as regards questions of health. In how many cases might not serious, painful, and even fatal illness have been avoided by a little timely attention when Nature gave the first warning. There are thousands of people to-day who are suffering from gout, rheumatism, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, lumbago, or some other uric acid trouble, who need never have had a moment's pain if they had only heeded the first signs and adopted the right treatment at the right time.

WHEN URIC ACID SYMPTOMS SHOW THEMSELVES.

On reaching the period of middle life many men and women find themselves suffering from slight departures from their normal standard of health, the cause of which they do not understand. The symptoms referred to are feelings of irritation between the fingers, in the palms of the hands, about the ankles and feet, small concretions on the outer rim of the ear, little lumps under the skin of arms, breast, or legs, acidity, flatulence, or heartburn. There are also other signs of discomfort, such as the passing of grains of sand in the stool, torpidity of the liver, indigestion, or itching in the right side, difficulty in bending, or enlargement of the joints, and passing attacks of gout, rheumatism, gouty eczema, or gravel. All these various symptoms and ailments have the same source, and are amenable to the same treatment.

CAUSE OF URIC ACID TROUBLES.

They all result from excess of uric acid in the system. Uric acid is a natural product of the body, but requires to be eliminated from the system, and while youthful vigour is strong, and plenty of exercise is taken, this actually happens. As middle age approaches the tendency is to take less exercise, but at the same time more food is taken than can be properly digested and assimilated. As a result uric acid is retained in the body and accumulations of the urates are formed and deposited in the muscles, joints, or nerves. Such accumulations must in the nature of things cause trouble, and gradually the troubles which at first are slight will increase in intensity and frequency, and the acute torture caused by gout, rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, and gravel may follow.

DANGER OF DELAY.

When any of the symptoms referred to exist they cannot safely be neglected or ignored. They will not cure themselves. Every day's delay will strengthen the hold of the affection on the system, and makes it more difficult to eradicate. The right time to commence your treatment so as to remove these troubles is the immediate present. There is no time so suitable, and when the treatment is easy, convenient, pleasant, and effectual, there can be no possible reason for delay. Every person who recognises the symptoms mentioned above as being personal to himself should commence Bishop's Valeriate treatment at the very earliest moment.

THE BEST REMEDY.

Gout, rheumatism, acidity, gravel, gouty eczema, sciatica, and lumbago being caused by excess of uric acid, the nature of the remedy is plainly indicated. Something is needed that will dissolve uric acid and remove it from the body. It is obvious that with its removal the health troubles caused by its presence will cease. That is precisely what Bishop's Valeriettes do. They dissolve uric acid, and this irritant matter is passed out of the system harmlessly and painlessly.

HOW USED.

Sufferers from any form of uric acid trouble should take one of Bishop's Valeriettes three times a day. Your supply should be carried in your waistcoat pocket, and one of the Valeriettes added to a third of a glass of water—grated water, whisky and water, or other drink. It will dissolve quickly and completely, with brisk effervescence. All who suffer from or are threatened with attacks of gout, rheumatism, gouty eczema, gravel, acidity of the stomach, torpid liver, sciatica, or lumbago should make a trial of Bishop's Valeriettes. It may take some little time to produce very marked benefit, but when the fact is remembered that accumulations of the urates may have been going on for years it is hardly likely that everything can be put right in a few days.

BISHOP'S VALERIETTES

are supplied by all chemists and drug stores in vials of 1s. 2s., or twenty-five days' treatment for 5s.

If preferred you can send to Alfred Bishop (Limited), Spelman-street, Mile End New Town, London, who will send a supply for 1s. 1d., 2s. 1d., or 5s. 2d., post free.

IF YOU REQUIRE FURTHER INFORMATION, Messrs. Alfred Bishop will be pleased to supply same to anyone applying to them.

HOW FINGER-MARKS CONVICT CRIMINALS.

System Which Helped To Convict the "Masked" Murderers on Saturday.

The rapidity with which the finger-print method of identification has gained the right to be considered the criminal's deadliest enemy has made it unusually interesting and caused it to remain comparatively ununderstood.

On this page are the two remarkable photographs of finger-prints which were mainly instrumental in convicting Alfred Stratton of the Deftford murders. They are the actual photographs made by the Scotland Yard authorities, and were used as evidence in the trial.

Detective-inspector Collins, chief of the Finger-

to the impressions being from different individuals. The skin of the fingers is really two skins—the inner, true skin, and the outer epidermis. This inner skin is covered with little papillae like minute sugar-loaves, which contain the sensory nerves and blood-vessels. Over these is the outer skin, which though continually worn away and renewed, takes its markings from these papillae which it covers, and which do not change.

The classification and identification of these finger-prints has now been brought to an exact science by the police.

Finger-prints of all persons remanded to, or confined in, gaols for certain offences are taken, and records of the impressions are sent to Scotland Yard, where they are registered and preserved. The impressions are divided into four main groups—loops, arches, whorls, and composites, different forms of markings—and these again have numbers of sub-divisions. One of the chief means of identification is that the number of ridges be-

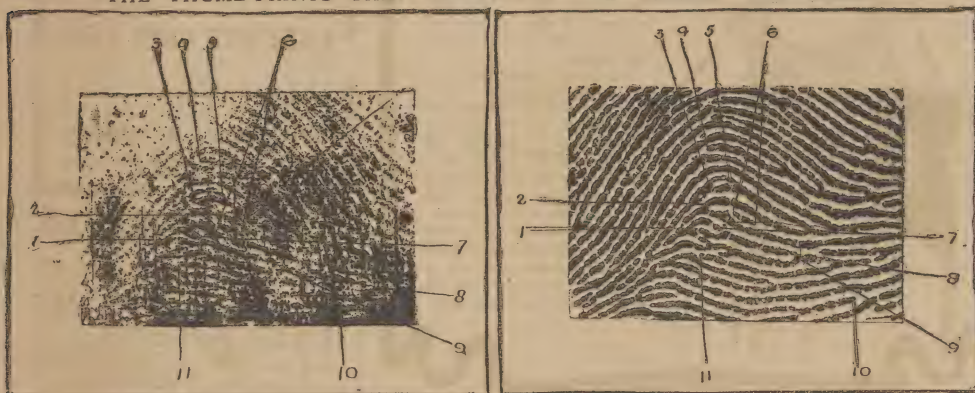
sense of touch, which is a serious matter for men who carry on their avocation principally after dark, and consequently seldom adopted. To change the markings by adding new lines cuts are sometimes made upon the ends of the fingers. They leave practically no scar, while altering the ridges, for the parts are slightly drawn out of position while the process of healing is going on.

This can only be successful once, and afterwards makes identification doubly sure.

The up-to-date professional criminal now seeks to prevent the leaving of tell-tale prints by covering the finger-tips with the india-rubber, goldbeater's skin, or silk finger-stalls. Some even go so far as to wear kid gloves.

Nothing could speak higher for the system than this fact which it has instilled into the criminal, but the point to be remembered is not that there should be two or three points of agreement between the finger-prints, but that there should be no points of disagreement. One distinct difference must establish the fact that the finger-prints are not those of the same individual, for the whole system is based on the fact that a finger-print does not alter after birth.

THE THUMB-PRINTS THAT CONVICTED THE MASKED MURDERERS.



These photographs were made by the Scotland Yard authorities, and did much towards securing the conviction of the men guilty of the masked murder. The photograph on the left shows an enlargement of the thumb-mark left on the cash-box of the murdered man. That on the right is an enlarged imprint made by Alfred Stratton's thumb. The various points of resemblance are indicated by the numbered lines. This is a reproduction of the print handed to the jury.

Print Department at Scotland Yard, said that he thought the finger-print found on the cash-box and that of Alfred Stratton were identical. The jury evidently took Inspector Collins's view, for they returned a verdict of Guilty.

But added to this finger-prints secured conviction no less than 5,000 times last year alone.

In a word, the theory of finger-print identification is that the minute skin markings on the tips of the finger are never exactly the same in any two individuals on all the ten fingers. Or, rather, that the chances of duplication are as 64,000,000 to one. Seldom, indeed, even in the corresponding fingers of different people, are there not marked differences which at once dispose of any doubt as

tween various characteristic points is always the same.

These police records are taken in ink, but the criminal is not obliging enough to leave his finger-prints so clearly: Nature has done her best to aid the police, however.

The skin is permeated with glands which secrete an oily fluid. When, therefore, a finger or thumb is pressed on a clean glass or other polished surface an excellent impression is left.

The great fear which criminals have of this system of identification is shown by the means they have adopted in their attempts to circumvent it.

To actually remove the ridges is to destroy the

TO-DAY'S BOOKS.

A CHEQUE FOR THREE THOUSAND, by Arthur Henry Vesey. Arrowsmith, 3s. 6d. The story of a young man who is presented with a cheque for 3,000 dollars anonymously, and how he spent it.

COOKERY FOR SMALL HOUSEHOLDS, by Georgette Rendall. The Tatler's Cookery Books, Heinemann, 1s. A useful and practical little book in the form of cooking lessons.

THE FAITH OF A CHRISTIAN, by a Disciple. Macmillan, popular edition, 6d. A presentation of personal religion in a Christian's own words, a clarification of Christian dogma. Not at all controversial.

THE RITUAL OF TEMPERANCE AND STATE HYGIENE, by H. Cooper Fitch, D.M. Area H. Doose, 2s. 6d. Contains some severe criticism of existing conditions of State hygiene, and some excellent suggestions for its improvement.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 10.)

"Tell me why."

"You insist?"

"Yes."

Merrick's voice was metallic now; hard, inflexible, iron.

"You must promise not to tell another soul what I tell you, not Vogel himself."

"I promise."

Dorcas drew a deep breath. Whatever happened now she was safe. Merrick would keep his promise, and Vogel would never know that she had stripped the sheep's clothing from his back and exposed the wolf.

"When Vogel sent you away to play billiards that morning he sat down beside me and told me all he had heard. I tried to lie to him, but a man who lies himself believes everyone else lie."

It was no good. Having informed me of what he had heard he proceeded to tell me that it would be exceedingly inconvenient for him if King Daffodil won the Derby; that he had set his heart on winning the race with The Devil."

Merrick could not repress a chuckle. "I know." "And that he had backed him for several thousands."

"It won't hurt him to lose a few." "He never loses money. It would kill a Vogel to lose a penny of the money they have devoted their lives to accumulating. So now you can perhaps guess what he asked—no, what he told me to do. He told me that I had to devise some means of preventing King Daffodil winning the Derby."

Arthur Merrick laughed loudly.

"Fool," he cried. "And what did you say?" "I told him that he was asking the impossible. Then he threatened—"

"Threatened?" There was no laughter in Merrick's voice now.

"Threatened that unless I persuaded—managed

to prevent—King Daffodil winning he would send no more money to my husband; instead, would write him to return home, to me, at once!"

Dorcas hid her face in her hands.

"But you—how could you prevent—"

Then suddenly the truth flashed upon Merrick, flashed like blinding lightning, stunning him for the instant.

"You mean that he knew that I loved you," he choked. And he tried to force you by blackmail—it's nothing else—to—"

Disgust, horror, anger, took away his voice; he could not find words. Vogel, his host, a blackmailer! A sharper, a cad of the lowest description! Stooping to trickery of the lowest order!

Each man existed, he knew, he had often heard of them, even some of them—the Turf is generally a hunting-ground for knaves of all sorts. But that a man in a decent position, a man in society, a man of education and wealth—Vogel!

It was almost impossible to believe.

Vogel, a member of all the leading clubs, a power in the racing-world, a celebrity in the financial world; a man standing in the glaring light of public opinion—that he could stoop so low, should dare risk stooping so low! It was incredible! From any other lips but Dolores's he would not have believed it.

It was not only a shock to him personally, but it reflected on the honour of the Turf and all the noble games connected with a noble game. It was horrible, loathsome! So horrible that Arthur Merrick did not realise the ugliness of it to its full extent for some minutes. He did not realise all it meant to Dolores, to him, to—King Daffodil.

Not until Dolores spoke again.

"Now you know why I must go away, why you must never see me again, never think of me again!"

Then he realised everything.

"Vogel set you to lure me into a trap, your beauty, my love for you—the lure. And then he thought, once in your power—Bah, it is too horrible to think, much more to speak—"

he cried hoarsely, his strength and reserve breaking down.

"I will say it for you," Dolores said quietly. "You must be the case as it is, in its hideous nakedness. He told me to lure you into falling passionately in love with me, and then to persuade you to pull King Daffodil, to do something to prevent his winning. And for that service I was to be rewarded with a paltry thousand or so of The Devil's winnings. If I refused or failed—then my drunken, dissolute husband would appear on the scene and bring me disgrace and ruin."

Merrick was silent a moment.

Then, between clenched teeth he hissed rather than said:

"I will wait until I meet Vogel publicly, on a racecourse, and then I will thrash him within an inch of his life. I won't kill him, don't be afraid," he laughed; "he's not worth it; he'll suffer more if he lives—disgraced and ruined."

"You must do as you feel best," Dolores whispered. "But if you ruin Vogel, you ruin me."

If he ruined Vogel, he ruined the woman he loved!

"What harm could he do you," he stammered. "He would not dare."

"You might ruin him socially, but money is always a power! His wealth will always save him. And who would believe your story? People would laugh and call you a foolish boy who listened to the ravaging story of a designing woman. No, you must do nothing, say nothing—not a word to a living soul—you promised me that—I shall hold you to your promise."

"Then what do you expect me to do," he groaned. "What else can I do? You wouldn't have me."

"I would have you say nothing. Behave to-night as you behaved last night. To-morrow you can take your departure; you will go home you will train for the race, you will ride King Daffodil, you will win!"

"And you—"

There was no fire or passion in Merrick's voice now; scarcely any life. His strength had left him; he was weak, helpless, hopeless.

(Continued on page 13.)

You Do Not Get Stout Again After a Course of ANTIPON.

Distress yourself no more about your excessive fatness. There is a sure, guaranteed, permanent cure. Antipon is a home remedy which will reduce you to your normal weight and graceful proportions within a few weeks without any discomfort. There is no starving required, nor anything disagreeable. Antipon expels the fat from the system by absorbing and eliminating it without the slightest strain on the constitution. It is quite harmless. There is no question about it. Hundreds have testified to its almost magical power. It is pleasant to the taste, easy to take (being a liquid), and wonderfully economical. The treatment can be followed without anyone else knowing anything about it. Antipon helps to strengthen the system by increasing the appetite and improving digestion. At the same time, as it reduces weight, it enriches the blood, gives renewed nerve power, clears the skin and beautifies the complexion. Excessive fatness will spoil the beauty of the most attractive women and the handsomest men. Once the tendency to corpulence asserts itself it is difficult to arrest development. No matter how you starve yourself or go in for violent exercise, the fat still increases, and, without Antipon, will go on increasing. This marvelous remedy will speedily improve matters. The double chin, flabby cheeks, bulky neck, protuberant abdomen, large hips, and all other indications of excessive fatness will very soon subside into normal proportions, and, once reduced to symmetry, will permanently remain so reduced. You will not get stout again. Antipon will take off from 8oz. to 3lb. within a day and a night of the first dose. The reduction then proceeds steadily until proper dimensions are regained, together with restored health, excellent appetite, and a feeling of exhilaration and buoyant energy which very stout people can never experience.

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Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2/6 and 4/6, by chemists, stores, or direct should difficulty arise, may be had (on remitting amount), post free, privately packed, direct from the sole manufacturer, The Antipon Company, 13, Buckingham Street, Strand, London, W.C.

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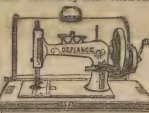
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HOW WORKING WOMEN LIVE IN LONDON—A GLOBE-TROTTER'S COAT.

BACHELOR GIRLS
IN A FLAT.THE HUNT FOR A CONVENIENT
ABODE.

The problem of how girls who work for their living are to live economically and comfortably in London is one which many have solved, but few more successfully than the three girls whose happy lives in their own flat for the last three years are the envy of all their friends and acquaintances.

All were tired of living alone, and weary to exhaustion of furnished lodgings with no peace and less comfort, of boarding-houses where un congenial spirits greeted their return home, of residential flats, of boarding-houses for girls, and unfurnished rooms, expensive and inconvenient.

Can Girls Live Together Without a Quarrel?

Having taken each others measure after some twelve months trying work in the same office, two of them decided to throw in their lot together, and upon a cousin of one asking if she might join the rest the ménage became complete. It only remained to find a residence.

A description given of their experiences is as follows:—

All help was refused on account of many jeers and prophecies that we would not live three months together in peace; and we set to work to find our future home for ourselves.

It was a wondrous task—north and west and south-west we went; every house-agent within the four-mile circle was interviewed, endless miles of stairs climbed and countless flats and upper parts inspected, with day by day more sinking of heart, and an unspoken fear in each mind that we wanted the impossible.

Quaint Neighbourhood.

One day we took heart of grace, and, as it was Saturday, decided to explore the south of London; a region hitherto unknown to us except from the windows of a train, when going out of London.

Some lucky chance took us to Camberwell, and there, after some time, we came upon an unpretentious-looking street, which was not without charm. For Camberwell has been the birthplace and nursery of great men.

We went down this street, and outside a tall, gaunt-looking building, saw the now oft-observed notice: "Flat to Let. Apply within." We accordingly applied, and found that No. 6 was vacant.

Up the narrow stone stairs we climbed. It was a hot, weary, and dusty May day, but inside the flat it seemed cool enough.

There was plenty of light and air, for the flat was two stories up, and though there was no lift (a decided drawback), the stairs were not steep. On entering the front door, the kitchen door was immediately on the left.

A charming kitchen it was, too, stone-floored, with white-tiled walls, big cupboards for china, and a huge one—almost a room—for pots and pans, and again inside this a bin for coals. A gas-stove for cooking purposes, as well as a kitchen range and a good big sink completed the equipment; the room being lighted by one window.

Exactly opposite was a big room looking on to the street from two bay-windows with wide ledges. This the agent informed us was the sitting-room, but, although it had no cupboard, we decided it should be a bedroom, for we felt it was not pretty enough in its shape for a reception-room.

Further on came two more bedrooms on opposite sides of the passage, the one on the right lighted by two windows and having a small cupboard, while that on the left had a big cupboard but only one window.

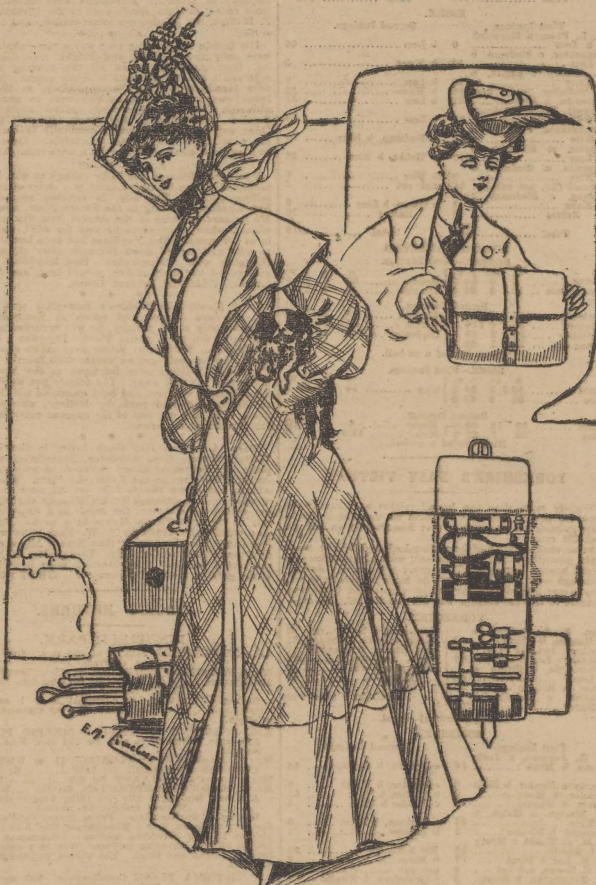
At the end of the passage was a room—the prettiest of all—which we decided to make into the sitting-room. It had two windows, crosswise, and on either side of the fireplace, which was opposite the door, so it really looked much larger than it was.

Inside the bathroom we made a joyful discovery. We could have an unfailing supply of hot, boiling hot, water at any hour of the day or night, by means of the furnace kept always going by the porter in the basement beneath. What a boon this is to women who live by themselves only those who do so can imagine. We saw our-

selves revelling in steaming-hot water, and this I always think had much to do with our decision to take the flat.

We asked the rent, and were so much cheered in spirit when we heard it was £32 a year that we almost decided to take it on the spot, had not the prudence of our leader suggested a compromise. We would write and let the landlord know by the first post in the morning, also if he would reserve the flat for us, provided we came to a satisfactory agreement about papering, painting, redecorating, and so forth. That is what we said.

Then we went home, talked the matter out, and, having decided this flat would suit us and be within our means, the letter to secure it was written, and we all went to sleep that night feeling that the most important step in our future career was taken—we had a home of our own.



When spring is present in the air the impetus to travel becomes strong, and for the voyager is shown above a very practical and handsome coat made of plain green and plaided cloth, with a cloth belt round the waist. The little leather hand-case shown at the side is aptly called the compendium of charms, because it holds so many useful implements in a small space.

DEBENHAM
AND
FREEBODY
Fashionable
BELTS

SMART WASHING LINEN BELTS in 2/11
all colours...



PARIS MODEL BELT, as sketch, in Kid, with fancy design of silk and gilt, finished with handsome buckle, in Black, White, and Colours ... 17/6



No. 1,
AS SKETCH,
RUCKED
KID BELT,

in Black,
White, Navy,
Sky, and
Colours,

4/6

No. 2,
AS SKETCH,
FRENCH
PLEATED
KID BELT,

in Black, White,
Navy, Cream,
and Colours,

5/11

FRENCH KID BELTS in White, 1 1/2 in. deep ... 2/6



SILK-PLEATED BELT, as sketch, finished with oxidised and gilt buttons, in Black, White, and Navy ... 6/11

SENT ON APPROVAL.

DEBENHAM
AND
FREEBODY

WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"I?" She forced a trembling little laugh. "Oh, I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we beat the Devil, cheated him for once of victory!"

"And Vogel, what will he do?"

"He will have the satisfaction of reintroducing me to my husband. . . . It is inevitable, Arthur; I told you that it was inevitable."

"Vogel shall not even have that satisfaction," Merrick cried with sudden passion. He seized Dolores in his arms and held her closely to him.

"Whoever else suffers you shall not suffer! Do you think winning the Derby is more to me than your happiness? I have only to refuse to ride, another jockey will be found, and then Vogel cannot carry out his threat, because you will be powerless to prevent our horse from winning."

Dolores smiled sadly.

"Do you think he would not see through that subterfuge?" She hesitated a moment, and hid her face on Merrick's shoulder.

It was the moment for playing her last card. But it was no false card that she played, and though she had played the game for Vogel, the victory was also for herself.

It was the truth she spoke, and the words came from her heart.

"Vogel saw what even you who have searched so ardently have not seen; Vogel knew what an easy task he had set me, knew I could not escape because he guessed that I—oh, don't you know, Arthur?—that I loved you!"

"You loved me," he echoed. "You really do love me!" He rained kisses on her face, her hair, her hands. "Then nothing matters, Dolores; nothing can part us, nothing can come between us. Dolores, Dolores!"

She lay in his arms absolutely happy and contented—for an instant.

Then, slowly, gently, she disengaged herself.

"Now parting will be easier," she said. "It will not be so difficult to leave you now that I have shown you my heart. My life has not been lived in vain, has not been loveless after all. You remember the old, old proverb: 'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all.' I have lived and been loved, and loved. And that is a very great deal in this mad old world. I am very grateful, dear; it is enough, even though I have lost."

"It is not enough," he cried passionately. "Now that I know I have won you, now that I know you love me. No power on earth will make me give you up, and rather than place you in Vogel's power, rather than let you suffer—" He stopped short and bit his lips until the blood spurled.

Dolores knew the terrible struggle that was going on within him. She felt his body tremble from head to foot for several seconds.

And, loving him as she did, the unseen struggle was almost more than she could bear, for she knew the fight that was taking place, the battle that honour raged with love!

She longed to cry out, to tell him to do the big thing, the right thing. But her lips were dumb, her tongue seemed paralysed.

"Rather than let you suffer," he continued at last, and she heard the change in his voice—it had grown harsh, jarring, almost terrible. He spoke as if with a great effort.

"Rather than let you suffer, rather than lose you, see you the slave of the man the law calls your husband, rather than that—"

The words rattled in his throat, he could not speak them. "You know what I mean," he whispered; "you know what I would do for your sake—for your sake there is nothing I would not do, nothing I would not face!"

Dolores had won. Won for Vogel! Won for herself! Won for—The Devil!

And her triumph was bitter-sweet, and her victory one that made Love hide his head, afraid and ashamed.

(To be continued.)

through Bennett and Hamilton. Robertson soon after scored for the Rangers, and Celtic thus won by 2 goals to 1.

THE CITY.

Markets Steadier and More Confident
—County Council Loan Expected—
Japanese Bonds Weak.

CAPEL COURT, Saturday.—Markets have a nasty, uncertain appearance to-day, except in a few sections, where the recent heavy liquidation seems to have cleared the situation considerably. Such a section is Home Rails, and to the possibility of the rally there we made reference yesterday. Not that there is anything to boast about, but the market seems steadier and a little more confident, stocks like Brighton "A" and Metropolitan, which have been so flat recently, being inclined to pick up again. A good deal is made of the coming improvement in Brighton rolling stock and motor experiments.

The rumour that M. Delcassé had again tendered his resignation was one of the chief causes, so the dealers said, of the depression in most other sections. As a matter of fact, Paris seemed to ignore the rumour, for Foreigners were firm. Indeed, later people said that it had no foundation. The truth is, so far as can be discovered, that people are feeling timid about the coming settlement. It is the preliminary carry-over in Kaffirs on Monday. There are some big differences for speculators to face in American and some other sections, and though New York may yet pull the New York market round somewhat, operators here are fearing failures at our own settlement, and also the New York cablegrams speak of possible difficulties there.

Canadian Railways Depressed.

The elegant palace on which the London County Council thinks it necessary to spend enormous amounts in order to aid its deliberations involves an early London County Council bill, it is said. Last at present the markets think they have had quite loans enough, and it is not a good point for the gilt-edged market. Still, the dealers make something out of the fact that yesterday the Government will pay off £2,000,000 of Treasury bills, which will help, or should help, both the banking world and the Stock Exchange. Nevertheless, to-day Consols were dull, and closed only 90.

Their cussedness is shown by the American market. When New York settles over had advice in London promptly puts prices above the American level. Last night New York sent over good prices, and to-day London put quotations below the New York level. There was a nasty lot of liquidation going on in this group, and it still seems that there is a good deal of weak speculative accounts in the market in London and New York. The question is, who is going to take the stock to pay for it? If it is merely handled about for one speculation to another, there is no real relief.

Speculation in the minor Canadian Railways has been overdone for some time past. To-day the dealers were grumbling at certain Dominion legislation which, they say, will not tend to improve the security of English holders of railway issues connected therewith. It seemed to have a depressing influence on all Canadian Railway stocks.

Kaffirs Quite Hopeless.

Paris, as has been noted above, did not pay much attention to the Delcassé rumours. In fact, that centre seemed to be buying copper shares. Japanese bonds were rather weak, and the cable market was not strong. We want the naval light a thing of the past before buyers can really be encouraged. Nevertheless, Foreigners as a whole were not bad.

There was a nasty jar for London and India Dock proprietors in the knowledge that the Allan Line was removing its custom. The satisfactory position of the nitrate industry causes Nitrate shares still to be bought. Colorados were weak on a poor dividend.

Kaffirs are quite hopeless, liquidation and general weakness are the rule. It is all in vain that the East Rand report, now to hand, speaks of the great benefits derived from Chinese labour. Other mining markets were rather depressed.

SATURDAY'S SPORTS.

Fast Riding at Herne Hill by the Poly Boys—Burberry's Continued Success.

Delightful weather favoured the Polytechnic Cycling Club's first meeting of the season at Herne Hill on Saturday. Although the events were all confined to members, yet as the famous club numbers many well-known path men, the races were of consequence almost equivalent to an "open" programme.

Forty-one entries were received for the quarter-mile handicap, and a like number for the half-mile. The former T. W. Evans, who had the very liberal start of 50yds., scored a runaway victory from P. G. Curlew (40) and G. E. Blake (30). Evans led all the way and won by five lengths in 30.15 sec.

The mile heats produced some smart finishes, and the final was a very exciting event, culminating in a win for Curlew (160) by the narrowest of margins from W. T. Coudrey (165); H. Wilson (90) being third. The one-hour afternoon race resolved itself into a match between Le Grys and Poncione, the latter being victorious after a fine contest, passing and repassing taking place in the last minute of the race. Poncione rode 29 miles in the hour, and Le Grys 28 miles 17,000yds. P. Durham, who also secured the sealed handicap, was third with 28 miles 11,800yds.

HERNE HILL HARRIERS.

A. E. Burberry, of the Finchley Harriers, was again unbeatable on Saturday, owing to paucity of entries, 9,500 spectators thoroughly enjoyed a varied programme of events at the Herne Hill Harriers' sports on the Sutton Rugby Football Club's ground.

With flyds. start, he won the 300yds. open handicap in 33 sec. Thus he has won five first prizes within fourteen days. He also finished second (with flyds. start) to the Civil Service "Soccer" team, E. F. Turner (6yds. start) in the 100yds. open handicap, which event Turner won in 12.3 sec.

E. C. Barry, of the promoting club, won the half-mile handicap, with 6yds. start, in 2min. 3.3 sec. E. J. Hurley, 220yds. start, beat the ex-champion, J. Butler (scratch) by 30yds. in the two miles, in 7min. 14.0 sec. J. E. Deakin beat the South of the Thames champion, F. W. Hulford, in their mile and a half match. Time, 7min. 16.3 sec.

MILLWALL FOOTBALL CLUB.

Although the spirit handicap for professional footballers fell through, owing to paucity of entries, 9,500 spectators thoroughly enjoyed a varied programme of events at the Millwall Football Ground on Saturday. F. Dooley, Mile and a half, was open handicap, which event he won in 10 sec. dead, but the course was stated to be a yard or two short of the full distance. H. Vaughan, Millwall, 2yds., secured the 300yds. open handicap, Manor Park, 70yds., the half-mile, and A. Young, Gil-lingham, 10yds., the mile.

After very spindly racing, Smith, of Poplar, won both the mile and three miles cycle handicaps.

K. Pfeiderer won both the level and handicap race of the Anley B.C. over a twenty-five miles southern course on Saturday. His time was 1hr. 11min. 31sec. His handicap allowance was 2min.

TRY IT. IT IS GOOD.

GUINNESS
FINE OLD MALT GIN.
S & P 316

GOODS
Suits

Are always good, because they're smarter, better in finish, the good material helps them wear longer—and they fit perfect. That's a good suit. A Gatsby Suit shows its goodness first and last. It is seen in the cut; the seaming how neatly, yet how strongly done. The lining and button-holes; how pleasing in every way. The slope of the shoulders, the chest shaping and fit of collar round neck is just nice, aye, even the buttons show how aptly the details are studied by us in this famous 34-36-38-40-42-44-46-48-50-52-54-56-58-60-62-64-66-68-70-72-74-76-78-80-82-84-86-88-90-92-94-96-98-100-102-104-106-108-110-112-114-116-118-120-122-124-126-128-130-132-134-136-138-140-142-144-146-148-150-152-154-156-158-160-162-164-166-168-170-172-174-176-178-180-182-184-186-188-190-192-194-196-198-200-202-204-206-208-210-212-214-216-218-220-222-224-226-228-230-232-234-236-238-240-242-244-246-248-250-252-254-256-258-260-262-264-266-268-270-272-274-276-278-280-282-284-286-288-290-292-294-296-298-300-302-304-306-308-310-312-314-316-318-320-322-324-326-328-330-332-334-336-338-340-342-344-346-348-350-352-354-356-358-360-362-364-366-368-370-372-374-376-378-380-382-384-386-388-390-392-394-396-398-400-402-404-406-408-410-412-414-416-418-420-422-424-426-428-430-432-434-436-438-440-442-444-446-448-450-452-454-456-458-460-462-464-466-468-470-472-474-476-478-480-482-484-486-488-490-492-494-496-498-500-502-504-506-508-510-512-514-516-518-520-522-524-526-528-530-532-534-536-538-540-542-544-546-548-550-552-554-556-558-560-562-564-566-568-570-572-574-576-578-580-582-584-586-588-590-592-594-596-598-600-602-604-606-608-610-612-614-616-618-620-622-624-626-628-630-632-634-636-638-640-642-644-646-648-650-652-654-656-658-660-662-664-666-668-670-672-674-676-678-680-682-684-686-688-690-692-694-696-698-700-702-704-706-708-710-712-714-716-718-720-722-724-726-728-730-732-734-736-738-740-742-744-746-748-750-752-754-756-758-760-762-764-766-768-770-772-774-776-778-780-782-784-786-788-790-792-794-796-798-800-802-804-806-808-810-812-814-816-818-820-822-824-826-828-830-832-834-836-838-840-842-844-846-848-850-852-854-856-858-860-862-864-866-868-870-872-874-876-878-880-882-884-886-888-890-892-894-896-898-900-902-904-906-908-910-912-914-916-918-920-922-924-926-928-930-932-934-936-938-940-942-944-946-948-950-952-954-956-958-960-962-964-966-968-970-972-974-976-978-980-982-984-986-988-990-992-994-996-998-1000-1002-1004-1006-1008-1010-1012-1014-1016-1018-1020-1022-1024-1026-1028-1030-1032-1034-1036-1038-1040-1042-1044-1046-1048-1050-1052-1054-1056-1058-1060-1062-1064-1066-1068-1070-1072-1074-1076-1078-1080-1082-1084-1086-1088-1090-1092-1094-1096-1098-1100-1102-1104-1106-1108-1110-1112-1114-1116-1118-1120-1122-1124-1126-1128-1130-1132-1134-1136-1138-1140-1142-1144-1146-1148-1150-1152-1154-1156-1158-1160-1162-1164-1166-1168-1170-1172-1174-1176-1178-1180-1182-1184-1186-1188-1190-1192-1194-1196-1198-1200-1202-1204-1206-1208-1210-1212-1214-1216-1218-1220-1222-1224-1226-1228-1230-1232-1234-1236-1238-1240-1242-1244-1246-1248-1250-1252-1254-1256-1258-1260-1262-1264-1266-1268-1270-1272-1274-1276-1278-1280-1282-1284-1286-1288-1290-1292-1294-1296-1298-1300-1302-1304-1306-1308-1310-1312-1314-1316-1318-1320-1322-1324-1326-1328-1330-1332-1334-1336-1338-1340-1342-1344-1346-1348-1350-1352-1354-1356-1358-1360-1362-1364-1366-1368-1370-1372-1374-1376-1378-1380-1382-1384-1386-1388-1390-1392-1394-1396-1398-1400-1402-1404-1406-1408-1410-1412-1414-1416-1418-1420-1422-1424-1426-1428-1430-1432-1434-1436-1438-1440-1442-1444-1446-1448-1450-1452-1454-1456-1458-1460-1462-1464-1466-1468-1470-1472-1474-1476-1478-1480-1482-1484-1486-1488-1490-1492-1494-1496-1498-1500-1502-1504-1506-1508-1510-1512-1514-1516-1518-1520-1522-1524-1526-1528-1530-1532-1534-1536-1538-1540-1542-1544-1546-1548-1550-1552-1554-1556-1558-1560-1562-1564-1566-1568-1570-1572-1574-1576-1578-1580-1582-1584-1586-1588-1590-1592-1594-1596-1598-1600-1602-1604-1606-1608-1610-1612-1614-1616-1618-1620-1622-1624-1626-1628-1630-1632-1634-1636-1638-1640-1642-1644-1646-1648-1650-1652-1654-1656-1658-1660-1662-1664-1666-1668-1670-1672-1674-1676-1678-1680-1682-1684-1686-1688-1690-1692-1694-1696-1698-1700-1702-1704-1706-1708-1710-1712-1714-1716-1718-1720-1722-1724-1726-1728-1730-1732-1734-1736-1738-1740-1742-1744-1746-1748-1750-1752-1754-1756-1758-1760-1762-1764-1766-1768-1770-1772-1774-1776-1778-1780-1782-1784-1786-1788-1790-1792-1794-1796-1798-1800-1802-1804-1806-1808-1810-1812-1814-1816-1818-1820-1822-1824-1826-1828-1830-1832-1834-1836-1838-1840-1842-1844-1846-1848-1850-1852-1854-1856-1858-1860-1862-1864-1866-1868-1870-1872-1874-1876-1878-1880-1882-1884-1886-1888-1890-1892-1894-1896-1898-1900-1902-1904-1906-1908-1910-1912-1914-1916-1918-1920-1922-1924-1926-1928-1930-1932-1934-1936-1938-1940-1942-1944-1946-1948-1950-1952-1954-1956-1958-1960-1962-1964-1966-1968-1970-1972-1974-1976-1978-1980-1982-1984-1986-1988-1990-1992-1994-1996-1998-2000-2002-2004-2006-2008-2010-2012-2014-2016-2018-2020-2022-2024-2026-2028-2030-2032-2034-2036-2038-2040-2042-2044-2046-2048-2050-2052-2054-2056-2058-2060-2062-2064-2066-2068-2070-2072-2074-2076-2078-2080-2082-2084-2086-2088-2090-2092-2094-2096-2098-2100-2102-2104-2106-2108-2110-2112-2114-2116-2118-2120-2122-2124-2126-2128-2130-2132-2134-2136-2138-2140-2142-2144-2146-2148-2150-2152-2154-2156-2158-2160-2162-2164-2166-2168-2170-2172-2174-2176-2178-2180-2182-2184-2186-2188-2190-2192-2194-2196-2198-2200-2202-2204-2206-2208-2210-2212-2214-2216-2218-2220-2222-2224-2226-2228-2230-2232-2234-2236-2238-2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